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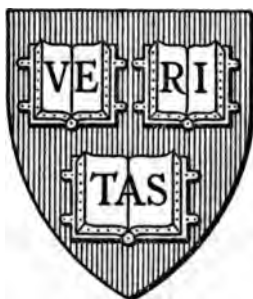
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At Hawarden
With Mr Gladstone

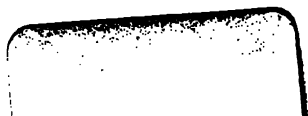


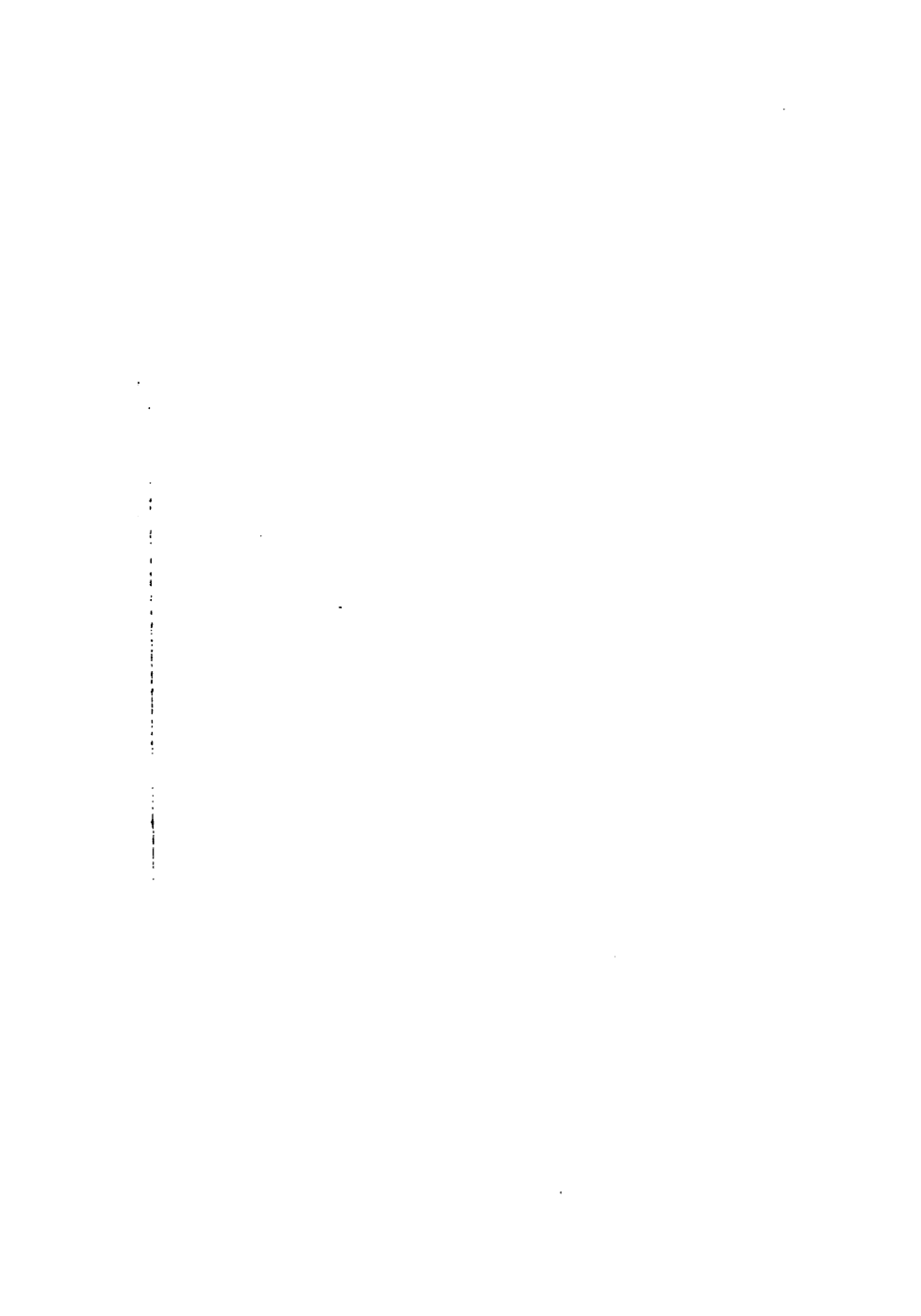
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TO

Miss Sybil Carlisle.

*"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her."*

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At Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone.

IN reading a recent biography of Mr. Gladstone by George W. E. Russell, one is struck by the applicability to the household at Hawarden of the description given of the home life of the great statesman's father, Sir John Gladstone. "The house was, by all accounts, a home pre-eminently calculated to mould the thoughts and direct the course of an intelligent and receptive nature. There was the father's masterful will and keen perception, the sweetness and piety of the mother, wealth with all its substantial advantages and few of its mischiefs, a strong sense of the value of money, a rigid avoidance of extravagance and excess; everywhere a strenuous purpose

in life, constant employment, and concentrated ambition."

Nearly every word of that is true of the life at Hawarden to-day. The spirit that rules is the spirit of simplicity itself; not ascetic, not indifferent to the good things of the world, but alien alike to pomp, ceremony, and epicureanism. Time is held as a trust to be accounted for minute by minute. A wilful, purposeless idler, no matter what his rank, would find himself aloof and estranged as in few other places. Not the head of the house alone, but mother, sons, and daughters, following his example, find employment to fill the day from an early rising to an early bedtime. The extravagances of the London season and the supplementary splendors of the ordinary country house are shut out, and the days are ordered with as little ostentation and as much quiet benevolence and scrupulousness as in an ideal country parsonage.

This, however, must not be allowed to convey an impression of cheerlessness or the exclusion of natural interests of the worldly sort. You may hear in this household some profound theology, and scan horizons of philosophy which you may never reach ; you may hear more of the searchings of scholarship than the universities teach, and be led beyond your depth in political speculation : but you will also hear of the newest novel and the latest play, of pictures, travels, inventions, of all things not frivolous that ripple through the conversation of the hour. There is wine on the table at luncheon and at dinner, and after dinner there is music, of which Mr. Gladstone is a great lover. As for cheerfulness, Mr. Gladstone himself is full of gaiety in his moments of relaxation, and falsifies the familiar portraits of him, which represent him as being without the sense of humor. There are times when he has a boy's playfulness, and

then his eye dances with mischievous glee.

Entering the drawing-room after luncheon we came unexpectedly upon his little grandchild, not yet six years old, who was running about with bare feet. We had been talking about protection and free trade, and the representations made by the advocates of the McKinley tariff as to the condition of English workmen.

"There!" said Mr. Gladstone, as soon as he saw the child, his face gleaming at the mischief of the innuendo, "when you return to America you might say that in a free-trade country even the children of the moderately well-to-do go barefooted."

Then, seriously, he added an affirmation of his belief that no country can be wholly prosperous at home, or entirely happy in its foreign relations, unless it is a free-trade country.

Hawarden is but a few miles from Chester, and a new railway leaves one

in the village itself, which is neither picturesque nor interesting, except for its associations with the man who has three times been prime minister of England. That the value of these associations is not lost sight of, and that their magnetism draws upon sentiment or curiosity to no ordinary degree, is apparent in the few shop windows of the old-and-new village street, which by their displays of photographs and souvenirs show that Hawarden is the shrine of many pilgrimages. I say "old-and-new village street," because white, crouching, thatched cottages and inns of long ago have for neighbors many of the two-story, red-brick, bay-windowed villas of later date. Before the railway it was a village where the coaches changed horses, and where the grumbling passengers, looking upon their conveyance without the sentiment which their descendants lend it, alighted to thaw their stiffened joints and congealed arteries.

The Fox Inn, "by Maria Jones," is a witness of this period. Now it is the habitation, not only of farmers, but of colliers and artisans ; and as Chester grows it will be hardly more than a suburb of that city, though forever glorified by its association with the personage who is described by both friend and opponent as "the most extraordinary man of his time."

The Fox Inn has a modern rival in the Glynne Arms (Hawarden, it will be remembered, came to Mr. Gladstone through his wife, the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne), and the lodge of the castle is just opposite. The park within is beautiful and ample, but neither so beautiful nor so ample as the estates of thousands of other Englishmen. It is proportioned to the sufficiency of its owner's other worldly possessions, — enough, but not too much ; humble, indeed, by the side of such estates as Eaton Hall and Chatsworth, the proprie-

tors or which were once the administrative lieutenants of Mr. Gladstone, as they are still in all respects, except wealth, his inferiors. The ground is rolling and well-wooded, and the sound of brooks comes up from the glens to mingle with the rustle of beeches and oaks. It is a place that at once suggests a resemblance between itself and its owner. Over the glade the derricks and chimneys of neighboring collieries are visible; and this contiguity of sylvan repose with industrial activity symbolizes the union of the academic and the practical, which is one of the characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's genius.

The visitors come not only singly and in small parties, but in swarms, filling, on occasions, entire excursion trains from cities as distant as London, Birmingham, and Bristol. They bring their wives and children with them, and picnic and play their games; eat their buns and drink their tea with the freedom that

belongs to a public recreation ground. One restriction alone is put on them,—that they shall not cut the shrubs or trees, which have suffered much in times past from the knives of the relic hunters.

“I fancy that a day rarely passes without bringing visitors of this class to Hawarden in large numbers,” I said to Mr. Gladstone, as we walked in the direction of the keep and crumbling walls of the old castle, which stands a few hundred yards from the present house.

“Rarely,” he said, quickly adding, as if to deprecate an implication of homage, “you see, the people are always interested in an old man, and I believe that no other man at my time of life has been a leader of his party, though there have been older men in Parliament.”

But without venturing to traverse this explanation, the guest knew within himself that there was a better one. The

attraction with these artisans from the mills of Lancashire and the potteries of Staffordshire is not that of curiosity, but that of the pilgrim to the shrine.

The years have stolen little from Mr. Gladstone's intellectual force, and have left him unwearied, unvanquished, unappeased, in the appetite for achievement. His capacity for work, his amazing memory, his interest in art and in literature, continue with little visible impairment. It is only by his physical condition that one detects the slight frost which has nipped this "political evergreen," the name happily applied to him by a recent reviewer. He complains of his voice, which is less resonant than it was, and of his hearing; he apologetically puts us on his left side to hear us better, though we ourselves would by preference be the listener.

"I know myself, with such eyes, ears, and years, to be politically dead," he said to me, "though I doubt if the

world believes it." This was within a year.

He does not hold himself about the shoulders with the athletic erectness of ten years ago; and he tells us that he has given up altogether, or nearly altogether, his tree-chopping. But his step is still light and quick, and without effort and without fatigue he leads us up the steep, mossy slope to the entrance of the keep of the old castle.

He is conscious of his years, but they do not discourage him. Our memory flies back to the reply he made in the House of Commons to that very bumptious gentleman, Mr. Chaplin, who attempted to correct him in some statement, and attributed the alleged inaccuracy to the infirmities of age.

Mr. Gladstone stood up in a glow of indignation, and in a touching voice said: "I am unable to determine to what exact degree I am suffering from the infirmities of age, but I will venture to

say that, while sensible that the lapse of time is undoubtedly extremely formidable, and affects me in more than one particular, yet I hope that for a little while, at any rate, I may remain not wholly unable to cope with antagonists of the calibre of the right honorable gentleman opposite."

Conservatives as well as Liberals and Home Rulers joined in the cheers, and the pompous Mr. Chaplin had nothing more to say.

Hawarden Castle—the new one—is a gray, turreted, machicolated mansion, separated from the park by fences and hedges, and within these it is surrounded by gorgeous flower-beds and gravel walks. It was built by an ancestor of Mrs. Gladstone about a hundred and twenty-eight years ago. But the old castle, of which little except the keep remains, was one of the links in the chain of fortresses, like Conway and Carnarvon, which the Edwards built to

maintain their dominion over Wales. Still earlier it had been in turn a stronghold of Saxon, Dane, and Norman ; later the Cavaliers and Roundheads played shuttlecock with it, and then pulled it apart, if not feather by feather, stone by stone.

But it is more recent history that possesses us as we stand on the highest parapet of the keep, having at our side that figure which has been more familiar and more potent than any other in the Victorian age. The Dee is in sight, creeping towards the sea between low sandy banks, which at high tide it gently overflows. The peninsula of Cheshire bounds the farther shore, and in the distance the clear air is thickened by a brownish cloud, to which Mr. Gladstone draws our attention. That cloud is the smoke of Liverpool, where he was born ; and as we face it there is a minute or two of silence, which for us, and probably for him too, opens a long vista of memo-

ries. In the heart of the town stands the now dingy mansion of his birth; and about four miles to the northward, near the mouth of the Mersey, is the village of Seaforth, where he went to school with Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the famous Dean of Westminster.

I believe I possess an authentic account of this period of Mr. Gladstone's life. Some years ago I prepared an article on his schooldays for *The Youth's Companion*; and with that indulgence which all who are privileged to know him experience, he corrected the proofs for me, though he assured me he had never done anything of the kind before. The article was published before his revision reached Boston, however, and the changes he made in the original now appear for the first time.

The original reads: "Mr. Gladstone belongs to a substantial middle-class family." This is altered to "an ancient family of southern Scotland, depressed

in the eighteenth century, when they appear in malting and other trades, and again beginning to rise with Mr. Gladstone's grandfather."

The original again: "They had a country place at Seaforth, which was then outside of Liverpool and its smoke and noise, though it is now knitted to the town. The little boy who was destined to become famous used to ramble about these grounds with his father's friend, the great Mr. Canning, who was already the foremost statesman of England. Canning, it is said, would sit by the hour at Seaforth meditating on the policy of the country, while the boy sat at his feet."

• This is expunged with the following comment: "I think this should disappear. Mr. Canning took very marked notice of an elder brother of mine, but none whatever of me."

Another paragraph from the original: "The only things I inherited were igno-

rance and indigence,' said Henry Clay. Mr. Gladstone inherited money and social position, and from his infancy was surrounded by every influence which could help him. But . . . he could not have risen to his present high place except by the continuous industry and resolute purpose which have always distinguished him."

This is qualified by the subject of the biography as follows: "In his boyhood, however, though sometimes thoughtful and always impressible, he was averse from school-work, and his education during the home period of his life made little progress."

The original then describes his going to Eton: "This famous school has improved of late; but when Mr. Gladstone entered it was governed in a very loose fashion, and lazy and incapable boys passed through it with little else to show for the years they spent there than a smattering of the classics."

Mr. Gladstone's addition to this is: "From Eton, however, he drew his first inspiration, and became, if not a brilliant, yet a diligent, student."

His contributions to the *Eton Miscellany*, and his speeches in the debating societies, are referred to in the original in these words: "Even thus early in his career his aspirations were political rather than literary, and there was something prophetic in an essay on 'Eloquence' which he wrote for the *Eton Miscellany*. The most elevated minds, he says, are usually devoted to the legislative hall at Westminster. 'A successful *début*, an offer from the minister, a secretaryship of state, and even the premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look.'"

This passage also is qualified by Mr. Gladstone by the following addition in his own handwriting: "Politics, however, did not exercise a permanent sway

over his mind during the period of youth. At Eton he had one special and highly prized advantage in forming a very close and intimate friendship with the foremost youth among his contemporaries in the school. This was Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of Henry Hallam, the distinguished historian, and the subject of Tennyson's wonderful poem 'In Memoriam.' "

Another passage in the original article reads: "When only twenty-five he became Under Secretary for the Colonies, and representative of the department in the House of Commons under the short government (1834-1835) of Sir Robert Peel. There exists a picture of him as he appeared at this time, which little resembles him in his later years. . . . But the outward change has not been greater than the moral and intellectual change. He was a Conservative then, and was described by Lord Macaulay as 'the hope of the stern and unbending Tories.' "

The addendum to this, made on the margin of the proof-sheet, is as follows: "This is admitted by himself with respect to ecclesiastical questions; but as to other matters he considers it as untrue, and contradicted by the tenor of his early speeches. His language is that he did not then understand the value of liberty for its own sake as a principle of human action and as a necessary condition of all high political excellence."

Again the original: "His early political bias he has attributed in a great measure to his training at Oxford. 'I did not learn there what I have learned since,' he has said, 'to set a due value on the imperishable and inestimable privileges of human liberty.'"

Now Mr. Gladstone's revision of the proof: "But he also says that Oxford, the Oxford of his day, taught him to value truth, and to follow it at all cost and hazards."

From the keep of the old castle we retraced our way to the house through a beautiful wooded path, which gave occasion for a little discourse, revealing something of Mr. Gladstone's intimate knowledge and love of trees. He had received a present from Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, a work on the trees of Massachusetts, and was deeply interested in the picture and description of the Lancaster elms, though they are not so full of girth as some of the elms of England.

Following at our heels, with beseeching eyes, was the little black Pomeranian "Petz," whose picture has become familiar as a photographic celebrity in the London shops, and who, at Hawarden, is Mr. Gladstone's constant companion. There was nothing flattering in his greeting when we arrived ; he treated us with suspicion, and would not be coaxed into a friendlier attitude until Mr. Gladstone showed us the way to his heart. All we

had to do to placate him was to throw sticks for him to recover, and we could not throw them high enough or low enough on the steep escarpment of the keep to prevent him from "retrieving" them. Once we thought we had baffled him, but, disappearing for a few minutes, he returned and dropped at our feet the branch, which had fallen on an apparently inaccessible spot.

The house is not at all "smart" or æsthetic, but plain and substantial, though, as it should be needless to say, it is full of rare things, — rare prints, rare books, and rare bric-a-brac, — the surroundings of a man who is both a virtuoso and a scholar, without having extravagant tastes of any kind. There are but few pictures, except those in black and white, and photographs. The most interesting object among them is a miniature in the drawing-room, — the picture of a handsome, dark-locked boy of two and a little girl, whose arm is around

his neck. This was painted over eighty years ago, and the children are Mr. Gladstone and his sister.

Another child may often now be seen with her arm around his neck, his little granddaughter. It is of her that a recent visitor to the castle tells a very pretty story: "She can just toddle about from room to room, and she brings a ray of sunlight with her wherever she goes. I never saw a prettier sight than when she just now ran through the open door which divides the drawing-room from the 'Grand Old Man's' sanctuary, and, pulling at the lapels of his dressing-gown, drew him imperiously away from Homer or the Blue Books, or whatever was engaging him. The first intimation we heard in the next room was a peal of laughter on Mr. Gladstone's part at the obvious necessity of capitulating to that daring invasion, as musical and hearty as ever came from human lips, — for his laugh, as you know, is one of

his greatest attractions. Presently the 'Grand Old Man' and the little child, separated by more than eighty years of time, come hand in hand together into the drawing-room. Mrs. Gladstone runs to the piano and strikes up a lively waltz tune, and in a second the two partners are dancing together, the 'Grand Old Man' putting into his pirouettes a lot of funny, old-fashioned little steps, learned of our great-grandmothers seventy-five years ago, which it was impossible to view without delight and applause, although so much pathos mingled with the comedy in the touching scene."

No impression of Mr. Gladstone's character is so false as that which deprives him of the sense of humor. The passionate and sometimes extreme earnestness of his convictions compels him to resent all trifling in the discussion of public questions; but in private conversation, erudite and even recondite as he can be, he welcomes the turn that

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opens the way for a spontaneous laugh. To see him smile with a boyish twinkle in the corner of the eyes, as, perhaps, he pretends to tease Mrs. Gladstone at the luncheon-table, is to see a face which neither the portrait painter nor the caricaturist, neither Millais nor Tenniel, has ever caught. The nearest approach to it is in the whimsical portraiture which Harry Furniss used to give us in *Punch*.

But the expression changes, of course, with the mood and the occasion. The amused cynicism with which Lord Beaconsfield used to sit and listen to the arguments of his opponents: the contemptuous smile, the affectation of being bored — nothing of this sort is ever visible in Mr. Gladstone's countenance or attitude. If the debate is of any importance at all, he is an eager and respectful listener; if it becomes heated, and he or his party is put under a fire of criticism, his attention is closer still;

and every accusation or misrepresentation brings into his face a cloud across which there is a lightning-like play of pain, amazement, incredulity, and outraged sensibility. A very serious indictment can be launched against an enemy in one glance of Mr. Gladstone's eyes, which in moments of excitement glow with a heat that brands. Well I remember the look of injury, just visible behind the high wings of his collar, which he used to fix on the Home Rulers who shook imprecating fingers at him across the House of Commons before he espoused their cause ; while his chief secretary, Mr. Forster, with his face half-buried in his ample beard, sat close by quite unmoved, and scornfully indifferent to the immoderate attacks. But though not altogether unprovided with the vials of wrath, Mr. Gladstone is never ferocious, never malicious, and never intentionally unfair. His spirit is that of the proselyte, his chief reliance is on persuasion.

The library is the room at Hawarden which one regards with most interest. It is very simply furnished, with a couch and a few wicker and leather-covered chairs. The bookcases not only surround the walls to within a few inches of the ceiling, leaving no space for pictures and barely enough for a few busts, but are built out laterally from the walls into the room, forming alcoves just wide enough to admit one person at a time. There are two desks, one for political matters, and the other for the literary work from which Mr. Gladstone never allows himself to be altogether divorced; and the classification of manuscripts, letters, and documents which is possible through this method prevents the confusion which would be otherwise inevitable with such a mass of papers.

The daily mail is enormous: it flows in from all parts of the world and from all classes of society; from pitmen,

weavers, and agricultural laborers ; from princes, politicians, and theologians. It brings letters of violent abusiveness and letters of unctuous flattery ; books which the authors would be glad to have Mr. Gladstone review, and presents of many sorts. Not more than one-tenth of it is ever seen by Mr. Gladstone, however. It is sorted by some member of the household, generally by his daughter, who separates the wheat from the chaff. In times of political activity he usually has one or two political secretaries, but at other seasons the only help he has is given by his children. He never makes use of such labor-saving devices as stenography or the typewriter. His letters and his manuscripts are written from beginning to end, regardless of length, in his own hand. When surprise at this is expressed, he tells us that he is too fixed in his habits to adopt the new methods, and, moreover, that the intervention of

such mechanical aids as typewriting always increases the distance between the correspondents. In a recent note to me he complains that his eyes are steadily losing power, adding that "typewriting (so kindly meant) tires them much more than good manuscript, and there grows up an inert unwillingness to touch it." But the economical, expeditious post-cards he uses freely for his briefer communications; and so much does he appreciate their convenient simplicity that when he went into mourning for his brother, he did not discontinue using them, but had a supply printed with a mourning border.

There is no such flattery as that which our antagonists are compelled to yield in order to justify themselves.

"Why am I answering these arguments?" said Mr. Balfour in a recent speech. "Because they are the arguments of Mr. Gladstone," he replied, "and Mr. Gladstone's arguments de-

mand the attention which I would not give to any other living man."

That is no small concession from the Conservative camp, which, through the mouth of Lord Randolph Churchill, proclaimed Mr. Gladstone to be "in some respects, the greatest man in England."

True it is, that whoever comes under the personal influence of Mr. Gladstone falls under a spell which takes the fang out of all political animosity. His fascination derives its power not only from his courage and genius, but also from an irresistible courtliness of manner and kindness of heart. He stands at the door of the library to shake hands with us, and say good-by before resuming the work of the day, and, apologizing because he has not more time to give us, he says, in the most captivating manner imaginable, "I am sorry that I have to give grudgingly that which is worth so little."

A Run Ashore at Queenstown.

QUEENSTOWN is the entrance for many Americans to Europe, — the point of their initiation into scenes read of and mentally pictured, but yet to be tried by the light of personal experience. It is the first page in the book of foreign travel; and it is often the last of the same volume, — a place of meeting and farewell, where the ocean voyage practically begins and ends. Those who have friends bound to Europe look for its name with much anxiety in the telegraphic columns of their newspapers; and they are relieved by seeing among the marine news the brief paragraph which tells them in formal words like these that the steamer for which they

have been waiting has reached her destination : —

“QUEENSTOWN, *Friday*. The steamer *Campania* arrived here this morning, and, having landed all mails and some passengers, proceeded for Liverpool immediately.”

On board the ship herself this famous port of call is also the subject of much speculation, and the probabilities as to when it will be reached occupy no small part of the abundant leisure of the voyage. A miniature chart of the North Atlantic on a scale so diminished that a pen-line of an inch indicates three or four hundred miles is hung in the companionway, and from day to day the vessel's course and position are marked upon it. It is taken away from its place into the chief officer's room for a few minutes at noon, and when it is replaced a crowd of passengers surround the little frame in which it is hung, and are grateful for the pledge which the ex-

tremity of the ink line, with its note of latitude and longitude, gives that they are somewhere and not nowhere, as the similarity of the view day after day would lead them to think. The line has its beginning at Sandy Hook ; thence (at certain seasons) it is drawn due east about an inch, and from this point it works in a curve, inclining to the south as it approaches the irregular shape of the Irish coast near Cape Clear.

It is when the line is within an inch or two of Cape Clear that Queenstown becomes a more engrossing topic than ever ; and not the day, but the hour, of arrival is now spoken of with a confidence which has dismissed any fears or doubts there may have been at the outset of the voyage. The novels and games which have engaged the passengers previously are abandoned. The saloon tables are littered with stationery, and the general occupation is epistolary. No one is unexcited by the

prospect save a few used-up travellers who are too familiar with Queenstown to care in the least about it; but to most of those on board the place means many things: it is land again, and brings them once more in communication with home; it opens new scenes and awakens new emotions, and through it old associations are renewed and new relations established.

The land is perhaps sighted in the early morning, a gray upheaval scarcely distinguishable among the moist and billowy clouds which hang on the faint horizon. Though sometimes pale and cold, the sunrises on this southern coast are often full of wild and unusual color. The water holds on its surface deep greens, warm browns, and a purple over which a translucent white seems to have been washed. At first the gray masses of cloud conceal the sky, but as they break and unfold they reveal gleams of opals on the sea. Long before the solid

cliffs are visible the vapor shapes itself into a phantasmal coast, which seems more real to the inexperienced eye than the land when it appears; and if you stood upon the bridge of the steamer on one of these white mornings you would likely not recognize the hills of Kerry when they first disclosed themselves in the indistinct distance to the sharp eyes of the watch.

From the lofty bridge the whole length of the ship is visible; and at four in the morning, though land is so near, the long decks have not one passenger upon them. The hills of the mountainous country in which Ireland ends have extricated themselves from the clouds, and instead of gray they appear softly blue before the sleepers are stirring. By seven o'clock many of the ports are thrown open, and many eyes are looking out of the small circular apertures in the vessel's side to see the expected land.

Then, until Queenstown is reached, there is more animation than at any other time during the voyage. Flags are flying from each mast and astern; the decks are holystoned to a creamy whiteness; the officers wear their best uniforms, with the newest of gold lace; and the passengers have discarded the loose and *négligé* costumes of the voyage for the more precise and elegant attire of the shore. The transformations in dress are so complete that one's most intimate acquaintances are not immediately recognizable. The soft tweed hat and helmet and the loose, copious ulsters are packed up somewhere in the rolls of shawls and rugs which the stewards are bringing up from the cabins, and those who have worn them have adopted closer-fitting garments and the uncomfortable "stove-pipes" of civilization.

But what is the land like at which most of the passengers are looking with wistful eyes and many surmises?

One of the first points sighted is Crookhaven, a telegraph station from which the arrival of the ship is telegraphed over both continents; and a few miles east of this is the island of Cape Clear and the rock of Fastnet, on which one of the most useful lights is pillared. The distance from Fastnet to Queens-town is about seventy-five miles, and between them the coast is broken by many bays and perilous headlands which jut out from the cliffs. The cliffs are lofty and savage; and in contrast with their brown escarpment the sea fringes their bases with a long line of white surf, which is high enough to be visible many miles away when the Atlantic is calmest, and which, when a gale is blowing, is uplifted half-way to their tops. The land above the cliffs is drowsy and vacant, a moist green in color, sad in its effect, with few other signs of life upon it than the dots of white where a small village lies under the pale blue streak

of its own smoke, and the tower and enclosing walls of a lighthouse. The white of the cottages and the lighthouse looks the whiter from the darkness of the rocks, and the cloudiness which shuts out the sun, or admits it in misty beams. The feeling inspired is one of desolation. An uncompanionable maiden or youth may yield to this, and sigh responsively to this piteous-looking land; but most of the passengers find too much to do to let the scene absorb them.

There are good-bys to be said by those who are going on to Liverpool to those who are going ashore at Queens-town, and telegrams and letters to be written for despatch at the port of call; the purser has to be consulted on the times of trains, the selection of routes and hotels, and on an encyclopædic variety of questions with which that useful officer is expected to be acquainted. Three or four hours after passing Fast-

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net the steamer is abreast of a bolder promontory than any; it is the Old Head of Kinsale, and in the distance, over the port bow, another promontory is seen. This is Roche's Point, at the entrance to Queenstown Harbor; and standing off it is the tender which is to take ashore the mails, and the passengers who are not going on to Liverpool. When we are within half a mile of her our engines are slowed, and then stopped, to allow her to come alongside. There is a hush and a straining of sight among the passengers as she approaches. A few of them expect friends to meet them; all of them are deeply interested. She breaks the spell of the voyage, and reopens communication with the larger world, and undoes the little social knot which the isolation of the voyage has tied. The firmness and greenness of the land are not more welcome than the new and unfamiliar faces, except to the bridal pair who

have been living on the Eden isle of their all-absorbing passion, and propose to take that unreal estate on shore with the rest of their baggage. Except to them there is a sense of release, and we at once begin to feel a greater fullness of space than the immensity of mid-ocean has ever impressed upon us. The spell is indeed broken, and the knot untied. Scarcely is the gang-plank out when a vender of newspapers is distributing the New York *Herald* and the London *Times*. There is a flutter of excitement over a weather-stained leather despatch-bag which a man from the shore delivers to the purser. That gentleman is uncivilly mobbed by the passengers in their anxiety to get at the contents. The little circular plate to the lock focuses their attention; and for a moment, while the key is inserted, every face is fixed in suspense. A bundle of letters and telegrams is brought out and distributed; then the

mob disperses to read in quiet corners what it has received, while the few disappointed ones who have received nothing mournfully try to interest themselves in what is going on upon the deck. In the meantime the mails have been put on board the tender, and the passengers are warned by bells and whistles to follow them. This is speedily done; and the great ship, which looks nobler at the end of the voyage than when she started, is hailed with cheers, which are answered with three hoarse blasts from her fog-horn. She bears off to the north-east, and the tender makes for Roche's Point, within the shelter of which she soon is.

Queenstown Harbor is not unlike that of New York. As the Narrows protect the latter, Roche's Point and its opposite headland are so close together that they shut out the storms from the former, and keep the water within it smooth when that outside is raging. The circu-

lar bay, with its islands and hilly shores, is also a duplicate of what may be seen in the neighborhood of Staten Island. At the mouth the land is craggy, and the heights are fortified, but farther in the foliage is profuse. There is anchorage for thousands of ships, and a sufficient depth of water to admit the largest at all states of the tide.

At the head of the bay, in an almost straight line from the Point, is the town, built in terraces, one above the other, on a wooded and heathery bluff. The houses are nearly all white, and square and uniform in feature. Their color and the frequent green which surrounds them give them a tropical aspect, especially, as is not often the case, when the sun lights them up, and distils all sorts of rainbow tints from the atmosphere, which is usually aqueous, and gray and dispiriting. On a clear and placid summer day Queenstown Harbor is as beautiful as anything that can be ima-

gined. The foliage has a soft, vaporous depth; and the water is a still pool of emerald, shotted with amethystine gleams. Every object is refined and idealized, every color harmonized. The substantial things themselves seem as beautifully phantasmal as their reflections.

At the foot of the cliff and along the quays is a street of shops and taverns, most of them aiming for patronage at tourists, emigrants, and seamen. The higher terraces are principally dwellings; and the higher they are, the better is the class to which they belong.

Though the interests of Queenstown are not much varied, and social complications are scarcely to be expected from them, the lines of caste and rank are drawn with English precision. Like Falmouth, which is similarly situated on the southern coast of England, Queenstown is made for by many ships consigned to order, or, in other words, sent here that the choice of a port of delivery

may be governed by the condition of the market, and by other ships in ballast from abroad, which can be ordered from here to that point where the most favorable terms for carrying a cargo are procurable.

The captain, whose vessel is lying in the harbor waiting orders, is one of the familiar figures of Queenstown, — a comfortable person, with a complexion of copper bronze and a marked steadiness of eye, and a simplicity and brevity of manner. One degree above him is the ship agent, who also is a comfortable person, with a villa on the heathery bluff, set in its own grounds, and commanding a view of the mirror-like bay, — a cosey habitation, full of the spoils of travel, in which he gives little dinners celebrated by libations as deep as they were in country houses twenty years ago.

This is the great ship agent, whose

“argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
.
Do overpeer the petty traffickers.”

The agent of "the petty traffickers" also has a house somewhere on the hill, and a little office, filled with charts and maps and pictures of ships, in the street by the water-side.

Another social element is derived from the officers of the garrison and the officers of the Board of Trade, whose duty lies with the outgoing ships; and the salubrity of its climate brings a small number of invalid visitors to Queens-town, especially consumptives and sufferers from nervous debility.

The dominant person in this little society is the admiral of the port; and not to know him is to be unknown, at least in fashionable eyes. An obsolete old war-ship is moored in the harbor; and though it is nominally a guard-ship, its principal use is as a vessel on which the admiral can fly his flag. Practically he might fly his flag with no less effectiveness from any pole on land, but that would be an infringement of naval

usages ; and the harmless old frigate is maintained, with a crew of two hundred or more men, to fulfil a tradition. Besides flying his flag, the admiral has one or two other duties to perform. Now and then one of the enormous armored ships calls at Queenstown, or a great white transport comes into the harbor to carry troops away from this inactive little station to the Cape or India ; and as soon as she is moored a ladder is lowered down her side, and the captain in full uniform enters a boat which bears him away to the admiral to report, and the admiral receives him with gratifying blandness.

The functions of the admiral are almost entirely ornamental ; and around him clusters an acquiescent little court, with many naval and military courtiers.

A few yachtsmen, whose birdlike vessels add to the beauty of the harbor, are also present in the summer season ; and sometimes there is the special cor-

respondent of an important newspaper waiting to beguile some distinguished traveller by sea into an "interview."

These dissimilar elements find a point of contact in the club, which adheres to many of the rules under which it was formed in 1720, and is the oldest of all yacht clubs. A writer in 1748 thus describes one of its customs to the Admiralty: "I shall now acquaint your Lordships with a ceremony they have at Cork. It is somewhat like that of the Doge of Venice's wedding the Sea. A set of worthy Gentlemen who have formed themselves into a body, which they call the Water Club, proceed a few leagues out to Sea, once a year, in a Number of little Vessels which for painting and gilding exceed the King's Yacht at Greenwich and Deptford. Their Admiral, who is annually elected, and hoists his Flag on board his little Vessel, leads the Van, and receives the honours of the Flag. The rest of the fleet fall

in their proper stations, and keep their line in the same manner as the King's Ships. This Fleet is attended with a prodigious Number of Boats, which with their colours flying, Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, forms one of the most agreeable and splendid Sights your Lordships can conceive."

Some of the rules of the club are very odd. They direct, among other things, that "no admiral do bring more than two Dishes of Meat for the Entertainment of the Club;" that "no admiral do presume to bring more than two Dozen of Wine to his Treat, for it has always been deemed a Breach of the ancient Rules and Constitutions of the Club, except when my Lords the Judges are invited;" that "no captain do bring any stranger to the Club, unless they should lie at the Captain's House the Night before: this order not to extend to the admiral, who has a right to invite whom he pleases;" and that "no long

tail Wigs, large Sleeves, or Ruffles be worn by any Member at the Club."

Though the club is less restrictive now, and is a very pleasant little house of entertainment, it is not enough to beguile all the spare time which the men have; and one hears many complaints of *ennui* among those who are fixtures. Queenstown is dull, and to an active temperament the torpor of its ways soon becomes execrable. The passengers of the ocean steamers ripple the surface for a few hours, but the moment they are gone the place relapses into its usual and oppressive quietude.

As soon as an American steamer is telegraphed, it is known among the thatched cottages on the hillside through some rapid but mysterious agency; and long before the tender comes in from Roche's Point a voluble and excited rabble of hawkers, beggars, and carmen gathers on the quays. When the passenger lands he is con-

fused by the chorus of importunities to buy and to give. Each carman pretends to believe that he has been especially selected, and waves his whip and arms frantically at the supposititious hirer: "Very well, yer haner; this kyer, yer haner; I'm waiting for yer haner" — though the person addressed has not signified any intention of riding. Unless he mounts one of the shabby jaunting-cars, however, he will not find it easy to extricate himself from the beleaguering mendicants, who surround him and follow him with propitiatory blessings, which are showered upon him with rapid and indistinct reiteration. There are old women with long black cloaks falling from the shoulders to the feet, and square caps which envelop the whole of the back and crown of the head, surrounding the face with a clean white frill, who have grapes and other fruit to sell at five times their value. There are hawkers of lace, shillalahs,

bog-oak, pictures, and sprigs of the shamrock, — everything at unscrupulous prices. There is an unblushing fluency of lying, flattery, and humbug; and when the crowd is evaded without purchases the blessings are quickly turned into muttered curses. The Englishmen who have to run this blockade scowl at the nuisance, and do not disguise their annoyance with it; but the Americans treat it as capital fun, and buy and give with a reckless liberality which has made some of the peddlers rich, and begging a lucrative profession.

From what one sees of the Irish peasant at Queenstown, and in the tourist resorts of Ireland, one is not drawn to him; and in the days of the Home Rule agitation one might, at a dinner-table in a house on one of the highest terraces, have heard some strange stories of him.

There was a magistrate who shall be called Major Parry. Parry was a harsh and implacable man; but he succeeded

in suppressing crime where, if he had been more merciful, less relentless, he would have been impotent.

Threatening letters without number reached him, of course ; and once, when he had arrested several persons for the murder of a boy, he received one of these missives, which he read to a relative who was seated near him.

"What do you mean to do?" inquired his friend.

"Discover the writer, if I can. Sure, he is a foolish fellow. Don't I know that there are plenty of persons who have vowed to destroy me? But they won't do it by letters like this."

On the third evening the major was walking home in the dark to his cottage, when a young girl, apparently about sixteen, stepped in front of him, and besought "the gentleman to come and see her grandfather, who was dying."

"I'm not a doctor," said he ; but she still urged him, in the most piteous

tones, and, being in an amiable mood, he yielded.

The girl set off in front of him across some fields, — it was a lonely place outside Limerick, — and he was surprised to see the agility with which she leaped across the ditches. One was much wider than the rest, and difficult even for him; and as she cleared it, he could see by the starlight that she wore a pair of heavy brogans, never made for female feet.

Without saying a word, he quickened his pace until he overtook her, when he plucked off the long cloak which had completely enfolded her, and beheld that “she” was a boy. At the same moment he presented at the boy’s head a roll of music which he had been carrying home; and, as he intended, the terrified fellow mistook it for a pistol.

“Silence,” cried the major, “or this moment is your last! Who sent you out to lead me here?”

"Oh, mercy, mercy, Major! The two Fitzgeralds."

"And where are they?"

"Just beyond in the burying-ground."

"Now hold your tongue, and walk into Limerick before me. If you tell the strict truth, I will not hurt a hair of your head; but if you attempt to give an alarm, or to deceive me, in another minute you'll be as dead as Julius Cæsar," and the major again flourished the harmless music-roll.

When they reached the town, a party of policeman was quickly sent to entrap the would-be murderers, who had hoped to catch the major in the secluded spot where they had concealed themselves; and in half an hour they were manacled in his presence.

On another occasion the major was walking up and down the old pig market at Limerick with a relative, when he suddenly turned upon a tall, fine-looking young man who was loitering in their vicinity.

"Pat Connolly, why don't you kill me?"

It was an extraordinary question, and the young man winced at it.

"Is it *me*, yer honor? Is it me that would injure yer honor? Faix, then, I don't understand you!"

"Don't you? Didn't you swear at the cabin near St. Patrick's well last Tuesday night to shoot me this very day as I passed through the pig market? Now, my fine fellow, why don't you do it?"

"Oh, thin, save your honor's glory, they've been telling you a lie! Is it me that would do it? Wasn't it only last winter that you gave the wife a sack of potatoes?"

"You had perhaps forgotten that when you came here this morning to destroy me."

"Oh, thin, yer honor must be jokin'!"

"Am I?"

"Sure, I'll swear" —

As he was raising his hand the major knocked it down with a riding-whip, and stepping up to him drew from his waistcoat pocket an old pistol loaded up to the muzzle.

The man fell on his knees and began whining.

"Come, clear out of this, you coward!" cried the major. "I shall have my eye on you; and when you return home to-night you may tell Tim Ryan that if he attempts to fire into my windows as he has threatened to do, he shall be hanged as sure as my name is Parry!"

The amazing knowledge the major possessed of their secret deliberations and doings—knowledge gathered by agents who seemed omniscient and invisible—made him as much feared by the peasants as he was hated. His numerous escapes gave rise to a belief that he had a charmed life, and there is a superstition in Ireland that a charmed

life can only be terminated by silver bullets. Two of these were actually cast for him; but hearing of them through some mysterious channel, the major captured them as easily as he captured the pistol in the pig market.

Among the major's lieutenants was a man who was called "the jockey" for a very remarkable reason. He, with some other constables, was once sent to guard the house of a respectable farmer who had been warned that on a certain night a band of notorious thieves would attack it, and destroy him and his family.

The constables reached the house by different routes and at different times, and then waited within for the threatened raid. Midnight was near before a knock was heard at the door, which "the jockey" himself answered; and when he asked, "Who's there?" the reply came, "Sure, Mr. Moriarty, 'tis I, Paddy Lynch. My wife is taken suddintly ill, and I want a drop of brandy for her."

Moriarty was the name of the farmer.

Imitating the voice of one of the servants, "the jockey" said, "The master has gone to bed, and I never open the door after dark unless he orders it."

"Sure, you wouldn't let a poor creature die for the want of a single drop? Isn't it your ould friend Paddy Lynch that's asking you, and no other?"

"The jockey" now fastened the door by the chain, and opened it so that he could peer forth, when the man outside made a rush for it. Slamming it to before he could reach it, "the jockey" said, "You're not Paddy Lynch, nor any other honest man!"

The robber uttered a cry of rage, and discharged his gun, calling on his fellows who were in ambush to aid in the attack, which now began in earnest, the first shot being followed by a volley.

Peeping through the shutters, "the jockey" could see a large number of men, all disguised and all armed, and

he ordered the constables to fire into them. A cry of fear and surprise arose from them ; and they at once retreated into the bushes, dragging five or six of their wounded with them. But after a moment's deliberation they reappeared, and it was evident that they had decided to make a mighty effort to force their way into the house.

In another moment they had burst open the door, and a terrific hand-to-hand fight began between them and "the jockey" and his followers. The house was quite dark, and at first the constables were afraid to use their rifles lest they might injure their own comrades.

Presently, however, a servant came to the door with a lantern, and the police were then able to benefit by the superiority of their weapons ; for the other side had few pistols or rifles, their arms being chiefly old swords, bludgeons, and iron picks. The uniforms of the police,

whose presence had not been suspected, also had an effect; and, after another struggle, the raiders made for the door.

In the heat of the moment "the jockey" followed them, unperceived by his comrades; and when he found himself alone among them and unsupported, the door had been closed again by those within.

Luckily the raiders, in the confusion and darkness, took him for one of themselves; and, waiting for an opportunity, he dropped down, and lay silently in the shadow of a tree.

He had not been there more than a few seconds when he saw the chief of the gang crawling toward him, and he thought that his time had come; for while he was an unusually small man, the robber, the one who had impersonated Paddy Lynch at the door, was a muscular giant. The shadow still concealed him, however, and he was

relieved to see the massive figure pass on.

This was for a moment. Then quite another feeling took possession of him. Here he was, an officer of the law, noted for sagacity and courage, and there was one of the most desperate criminals of Munster creeping away under his very nose. This was unbearable; and shaking off his fears he resolved to attempt a capture, even at the peril of his own life.

The false Paddy Lynch had gone only a few yards; and stealthily following him, like an Indian on a trail, "the jockey" took him by complete surprise, leaped upon his shoulders, and clung there like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad the Sailor.

Fastening his fingers like a vice upon the wretch's throat and strangling every sound, "the jockey" thus held him until he sank to the ground as though dead, when a relief party came from the house,

and found the valiant little officer still astride of his captive. He had not fired his pistol, fearing that this would bring the other robbers back upon him, and it was by the peculiar means he had taken to effect the capture that he earned his sobriquet.

These reminiscences are of times now several years past, but they are typical of certain phases of Irish character. Both Major Parry and "the jockey" were themselves Irishmen, and both were successful to an uncommon degree in putting down Irish crime. This, perhaps, may be taken as another argument in favor of "Home Rule."

What is seen during the run ashore at Queenstown depends on the time which the passengers have. Formerly the westward-bound steamers were in the harbor long enough, waiting for the mails, to enable the passengers to go up the river to Cork, and kiss the Blarney Stone; but now this can be done only

by those who arrive from New York, and leave the steamer finally at the port of call.

The "sweetness" of Cork has been sung by one of its wittiest sons in easily remembered lines, but its beauty was surely in the glamour cast upon it by his own fondness. The stranger wanders its streets and quays in vain to find a confirmation of Father Prout's musical verses. What he sees is a city of small size, which reminds him somehow of inky-sleeved and dissolute Captain Shandon penning the prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the Fleet Prison. Dr. Maginn, the original of that famous picture of Thackeray's, was a native of Cork, as was Francis Mahony, the gifted humorist who has sent the music of the Shandon Bells all round the world.

Cork, as the second city of southern Ireland, is of no little commercial importance; and, though its streets are untidy

and its architecture is uninteresting, the scenery above it and below it is exceedingly beautiful. From the wide and deep harbor of Queenstown the Lee winds up to it in an almost straight course, between verdant hills, with many comfortable villages and luxurious residences upon them, and several quiet little watering-places along the grassy shore. The distance is eleven miles, and the channel has a depth of ten feet at low water. Above Cork the river greatly resembles the Thames in the neighborhood of Henley. It flows placidly through fragrant meadows, with willows drooping over it, and here and there almost embowering it. The banks here are low and firm, and the hills are distant, so that long reaches of the stream are open to view. The scene has the highly cultivated character of the best of English landscape.

This is the way to Blarney, which is five miles from Cork; and there is the

stone of talismanic eloquence, one of the greatest of the many humbugs in Ireland. Blarney itself is a thriving manufacturing village which produces excellent cloth; and the castle is a picturesque ruin, once the stronghold of the Earls of Clancarty. The origin of the magic power ascribed to the stone is not known; but whoever kisses it acquires, in the language of one version of the legend, "the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, with soft talk in all its ramifications, whether employed in vows light as air, such as lead captive the female heart, or elaborate mystifications of a grosser grain, such as may do for the House of Commons."

This magniloquence is of a piece with the description Father Prout gave Sir Walter Scott, who made a pilgrimage to Blarney in 1825. "You behold, Sir Walter, the most valuable remnant of Ireland's ancient glory, the most precious lot of her Phœnician inheritance. Pos-

sessed of this treasure, she may well be designated

‘First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea;’

for neither the musical stone of Memnon that so ‘sweetly played in tune,’ nor the oracular stone of Delphi, nor the lapidary talisman of the Lydian Gyges, nor the colossal granite shaped into a Sphinx in Upper Egypt, nor Stonehenge, nor the Pelasgic walls of Palestrina, offer so many attractions. The long-sought *lapis philosophorum*, compared with this jewel, dwindles into insignificance; nay, the savory fragment which was substituted for the infant Jupiter when Saturn had the mania for devouring his children; the Luxor obelisk; the treaty stone of Limerick, with all its historic endearments; the zodiacal monument of Denderah, with all its astronomic importance; the Elgin marbles, with all their sculptured, the Arundelian, with all their lettered, riches — cannot for a moment

stand in competition with the Blarney block. What stone in the world save this alone can communicate to the tongue that suavity of speech and that splendid effrontery so necessary to get through life?"

The authentic stone can only be reached by a perilous suspension from the top of the castle tower; but the more sensible visitors satisfy any ambition they may have to add unconscionable garrulity to their other vices by touching a less horrifying part of the masonry with their lips. After the osculation a rapid journey must be made to the harbor. The mails will be on board the tender, and the beggars and peddlers crying for patronage with increasing urgency. An hour later Queenstown will be behind, and from the quiet headlands the long black shape of the westward bound steamer emitting an endless chain of smoke will be seen silently gliding into the sunset.

The greatest pleasure of the run ashore is, however, when the passenger lands from an inward-bound steamer, and has time to visit Glengariff and Killarney. There are some disadvantages connected with this excursion. The rain is as wearily persistent as the sunshine is infrequent. The mountains are nearly always in a gray retirement. The rains and mists are not so objectionable, however, that the splendor of scenery will not atone for them. What detracts from the tour most is the miserable comprehensiveness of the beggars, who from end to end of the journey follow the visitor with dogged perseverance, and chase him for miles and miles, — barefooted women, shock-headed children, and even able-bodied men whose appearance is far from that of destitution. He can never be alone, never for a moment left to the quiet enjoyment of what he has come to see. Every cottage on the way sends out after him a

rosy-faced and well-fed crowd of beggars, who will not take the most absolute refusal nor the most savage rebuke, and who keep at his heels until another cottage is reached, when they give up the chase to the emissaries of that, who continue it until they reach their limit, where they leave their next neighbor to sustain the agony. There is a deliberate intention to weary him into surrender, and surrender increases rather than diminishes the plague. Killarney can only be half enjoyed under these circumstances; but it is so lovely that the pleasure which can be derived from it is great, despite the many annoyances.

All natural beauties are embraced in this region; not one form, but all forms, — mountains and lakes, gaunt hills and delightful valleys, the amplest fertility and the most unconquerable barrenness, the bleakest uplands, and glens and lanes in which everything is green.

History, tradition, and poetry increase the charm which Nature herself possesses. Scarcely a spot is unstoried; scarcely a spot unsung, or unclaimed by fable.

There are two ways of approaching the lakes, and that which includes Glengariff is the better. The train leaves the traveller at Bantry, a little town on a magnificent bay which sweeps in from the Atlantic between jutting and rocky shores, and carries its brine in a deep flood at least seven miles inland. Bantry is the terminus of the railway; and thence the way is by car along the edge of the bay, which is now on a level with the road, and then far down at the foot of the boulder-strewn slopes.

At the head of the bay, under the shadow of clustered mountains, is Glengariff. When it is discovered from a height, the scene is one of sterile and tawny-colored splendor. The water

spreading out to its gates is encircled by savage mountains; the rocks are bare and brown; the sky is cold. There is no promise of the fragrance and juicy verdure, the melting mood in which nature is found at a lower elevation; and as from the top of the hill we go down into an ever-increasing luxuriance of green of varying shades, from the solemn dark of the fir to the transparence and luminousness of banks of ferns, winding into tunnels of foliage, mixed with which is the blazing berry of the mountain ash, and the fire-drops of the fuchsia, it seems like penetrating the outer brusqueness of one who at heart is full of gentleness. The cordiality of nature is expressed in elastic turf, springing softly under the pressure of the foot, in the moist exuberance of the verdure, in the sound of many rills which gush out from and between the rocks, in the strength and brilliance of scores of flowers, and in the languishing mildness of the air.

The very hedges, as dense and as trim as the hawthorn of English fields, are compact masses of blossom; and the vines clamber up above the window-sills to the roofs, enmeshing every stone in their tenacious threads. The mountains that from above look shaggy and awful are quieting in their influence down here; and the salt-water bay, with its woody islands, is like a calm inland lake. One or two houses and two hotels of uncommon excellence are built in this happy spot, and the climate is so genial that they are occupied all the year round.

Winding away from Glengariff again, of which Thackeray, Macaulay, Froude, Lever, and many more writers have sung the praises, — their testimony being hung in a printed form on the walls of all the bedrooms, — the fertility is succeeded, as the mountains are ascended, by wild, stony pastures, deserted farms, sad moorlands, and craggy ridges; and for nearly

forty miles these are the characteristics of the scenery. Great long rocky valleys are revealed, shut in by lofty mountains, and entered by dark and forbidding ravines; and the predominant color is a russet brown, or, in the farthest distance, a stormy blue. In one of these valleys, looking small, bleak, and wild, the three lakes of Killarney are at first seen from the summit of the Kenmare Road, a distance at which all their less austere beauties are hidden; but, as in approaching Glengariff, the way descends from sterile uplands into a maze of foliage, and overhead and at both sides crops up the luscious green entanglement. The drive down from the police barracks to the untidy little town, a large part of whose population lives on the alms of summer visitors, is along a smooth and clean road. On one hand is a precipitous mountain slope completely covered with grasses, mosses, ferns, and shrubs; and in all that high

embankment, soaring up many hundred feet, not one gray rock nor one black patch of earth is without its crown of green. On the other hand is a magnificent demesne of pasture and woodland opening out into vistas of the placid lakes, with their many islets, and the shadowy forms of the opposite mountains springing into the clouds.

It is impossible to imagine a fuller loveliness than that of Killarney. To-day we strike out between the immense walls of Dunloe Gap, where the mountains almost clasp one another overhead, and the bluish-gray rocks bear all the evidences of their fierce origin, and the spent force of immemorial ages. Up this way there are Acherontic pools whose unrippled waters are dyed black by the surrounding fields of peat, and spongy bogs treacherously covered with pallid and feeble grasses, whose nature is forever sullen and threatening. To-morrow we loiter under the arbutus

groves and by the white ruins of sweet Innisfallen, or tread through the vacant chambers of old Ross Castle, or conjure up the past out of the picturesque decay of Muckross Abbey. One hour we may be amid an uncompromising sterility, and the next imprisoned in a tropical prodigality of leafage, where the Torc waterfall leaps seventy feet down a precipice ; one hour in the cool shadows of the Colleen Bawn caves, or calling echoes from the towering bluff of the Eagle's Nest, or swiftly shooting down the race under the old weir bridge, and next lying idly in the pasturage of the Earl of Kenmare's demesne, and watching a scene of pastoral contentment which seems to belong to another world than the Gap of Dunloe.

So lovely is Killarney that the run ashore at Queenstown will be a memorable experience if it include this almost incomparable pleasure-ground. It has been so much to me that I should like to

forget and forgive the pertinacity of the beggars and the cunning and servility of the guides, ay, and all the mist and the showers which make a tour of the lakes a game of hide-and-seek.

The Route of the Wild Irishman.

THIS Wild Irishman is the fast train which carries the American mails from London to Holyhead, *en route* to Dublin and Queenstown, and *vice versâ*. It drives down from Euston to Chester at a speed of forty-five miles or more an hour, and, issuing from that dear, quaint, gabled, and galleried city through a gap in the splendid walls, it continues on its course to Holyhead along the picturesque shores of North Wales.

Many Americans travel by it, since in leaving or in joining the Atlantic steamer at Queenstown they can save several hours by taking this route ; but it is usually night when they are borne along, and the journey finds no dwelling-

place in their memories. They miss the long reaches of solidly built sea-wall which the high tides of the Dee bespatter and gnaw at ; and while propping up their weary heads, and striving to close their senses to the jolt and jar of the train, they are unconsciously flying under the embattlements of historic castles, along the base of sea-washed mountains, and through the great iron tube which bridges the Menai Strait. Precipitous cliffs frown down upon the meteor-like train : on one side are the stormy waters of the St. George's Channel, and on the other the mountains descend without any intervening foot-hills ; but by means of tunnels, embankments, and viaducts, every natural obstacle in the route of the Wild Irishman has been overcome.

The distance between Chester and Holyhead is accomplished in less than two hours. A tubular bridge spans the Menai Strait, the ferrying of which formerly led to many tragedies. Another

bridge is hung over the Conway River; and Penmaenmawr, the great headland, not unlike Anthony's Nose in the Highlands of the Hudson, is pierced by a tunnel, through which the train winds like a ring through the nose of a savage.

When the train leaves Chester it soon crosses the boundary-line between Cheshire and North Wales, and for the rest of the distance to Holyhead it is in the latter country. The Dee is visible out of the carriage windows, like a brazen serpent crawling over a desert of mud and sand. At high water the whole space between the banks is overflowed; but as the ebbing tide withdraws, it only leaves a winding rivulet in a desert of sand, which is of little use to any except the smallest craft. Once the river was wide and deep, and made Chester a great port when Liverpool was not sure even of its own name; but the channel has been shoaled by

the washings of the hills, and the traffic which belonged to the Dee has sought the Mersey. Only a narrow tongue of land which Cheshire thrusts out separates the two rivers; and a little below Chester we can see from the windows of the Wild Irishman the place where they meet and mingle.

On the other side of the train lies a country of increasing hilliness, — a landscape like that of England, with trim hedgerows, thatched cottages, and the solid-looking sculpturesque foliage, which is a sort of atonement for the persistent humidity of the climate. Hawarden, Mr. Gladstone's seat, is about two miles off the line; and about twenty minutes after leaving Chester the train runs close against the walls of Flint Castle, — a gaunt, denuded mass of rock, upon which decay has set no sign of regret, and age has put no assuaging mantle. The castle was built by Edward I., and Shakespeare has made its "rude ribs"

and "tattered" battlements one of the scenes of "Richard II."

Some readers, especially those who keep up the best literary habit conceivable, — that of an intimate familiarity with the greatest of dramatists, — will remember Bolingbroke's speech in the third scene of the third act: —

"The Welshmen are dispersed, . . .

Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restor'd again be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen."

A pretty speech! and so typical of affairs of love and diplomacy as they are

to this very day! Any combination, any compromise, so that *I* am satisfied; allegiance while allegiance pays; my heart and hand *if* you yield to me; yield not, and though I love you as much as ever, you shall die!

But is this a paper on morals? . . .

Behind the hills which slope down to Flint is Holywell, a town which derives its name from a miraculously copious spring, of such efficacy in healing that the beautiful Gothic shrine built over it, and ascribed to the generosity of the mother of Henry VII., is hung with the crutches and trusses of those who have been cured by bathing in it. There has been a confirmation of the mediæval miracle quite recently; and cures are reported quite as wonderful as those at Lourdes, though when I was a boy the only people who bathed in it were extremely vigorous young men, who turned blue after their immersion.

Beyond Holywell and Mostyn nearly

every village along the coast aspires, with some success, to be a watering-place. The climate is salubrious, but how bleak, how Novemberish, to us who have just escaped from the Senegambian fervor of the American July! The thermometer is down below 60° ; but the women are dressed in muslins, and the children, digging and building in the sands, are bare-legged and bare-shouldered.

The Wild Irishman scarcely slackens its speed at Rhyl, the flat and rectangular little watering-place whose noisy excursionists from Lancashire and Yorkshire bathe in a yellow mixture of mud washed down from the Dee and the Mersey; and we also will pass it by, leaving it, with Abergeley, Llandulas, and Colwyn Bay, to tourists who have time to see the coast in detail. But presently we cross a river which, flowing down from between high hills, empties into the sea within sight of the train, at

a point where a massive headland juts outward, and reaching the farther side, we are borne under the shadow of a cliff-like wall. We look out and up, and there are towers, battlements, and parapets. These are so high, and the train is so close to the base, that we have to almost dislocate our neck in order to see the summit. It is really a castle, not a cliff; but it seems to grow out of the rock upon which it stands, and when it was built nature and art joined hands to give it a double strength.

When Edward I. had conquered the Welsh he built three great castles and some smaller ones, like Flint, to keep the vanquished down; and, though dismantled and despoiled, they are still very substantial examples of the architecture of his time. One is at Carnarvon, another at Beaumaris, and the third is this at Conway; Conway being the common name of the river which we have just crossed, the castle, and the little

town which lies under the castle, shut within a harp-shaped wall which formerly had twenty-four round towers.

We are disposed to take Pennant's word when the antiquary declares Conway to be the most beautiful of fortresses. The form is oblong, placed in all parts on the verge of precipitous rock. One side is bounded by the river, one by a creek which fills with every tide, and the other two face the town. Within are two courts, around which are the various apartments, or what remains of them. But the banqueting-hall has tumbled into the kitchen, and the Queen's boudoir is scarcely distinguishable from the dungeon cell. No roof or rafters remain, and the grass grows on the floor of the Council Chamber. The cold wind rushes through the empty fireplaces, the windows have nothing in them except the vines, and the winding stairways only go up a few steps, and then leave us standing on the brink of

some ragged gap. Ivy, moss, and grass have taken hold even of the highest towers, and the only pomp is the pomp of age.

Aldrich's lines come flowing back to us over the Atlantic as we stand on the ramparts : —

“ Here, in the old
Forgotten springs,
Was wassail held by queens and kings ;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fair and lover bold,
Baron fat and minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,
The knight with his scars,
The priest in his garbardine.

.
All is dead here :
Poppies are red here,
Vines in my lady's chamber grow —
If 'twas her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.”

We look at the smooth river issuing
between the hills to the sea, and the

quaint town and its little houses shut within the triangular walls. That headland of which we have spoken once or twice is the Great Orme's-Head, one of the most conspicuous points to all vessels passing up and down the channel; and between it and a similar though smaller elevation we can see some of the roofs of Llandudno which would be one of the most delightful of watering-places if the tripper could be excluded from it. But all other things are dwarfed in comparison with Penmaenmawr, which now looms up; and we can pity the traveller who, before the days of the Wild Irishman, found this shoulder of rock — a very cold shoulder indeed, quite like the shoulder of one's successful friend — thrust into his face.

Change is visible everywhere about the castle, and some thrifty husbandman is raising cabbages and potatoes in the moat. Other parts of the grounds are also turned to account as vegetable

gardens, and the gate has no more formidable guard than a Birket Foster little girl in a blue pinafore.

But while we sat eating our luncheon at the inn adjoining the castle, we were reminded that though the relics of mediæval chivalry belong to museums, the love of military glory is still as strong in the female breast as it was before the watch on the ramparts had become a noiseless spectre.

The little waitress was in a flutter of intense excitement. Some Volunteers, with faces as red from beer and whiskey and water as their uniforms, who had been encamped outside, were leaving the town; and she was divided between her anxiety to be attentive to us,—to give us knives as well as forks, and not to fill the claret glasses with mint sauce,—and her desire to look out of the window at them.

“Will you have some cheese, sir?”

“Yes, ma’am; oh, yes, ma’am! they’re the Volunteers.”

She tried hard to control herself ; but she was carried away in her ecstasy, and we saw her run to the window and bring her hands together as if to applaud. Her pink face beamed, and the ribbons in her lace cap danced.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, doesn't the band play lovely!" she exclaimed in a burst of rapture ; and then she looked frightened, and hurried back to the table to give us our coffee, and her poor red, coarse little hands trembled, and one could feel the pain of bereavement shaking her silly, undisciplined heart.

A minute or two after the train leaves Conway the mountains begin to crowd down upon the Wild Irishman, and threaten to shove the line into the sea. It is these that the traveller from America sees from the deck of the ocean steamer as she passes up the St. George's Channel to Liverpool. They are a northern spur of the Snowdon

range ; and among the huddled masses rises one, a very Gibraltar of a peak, higher than all the rest.

This, which strangers often mistake for Snowdon itself, is Penmaenmawr, the *via mala* of the old route to Holyhead, upon which many a traveller has come to grief between the crumbling strata of the mountain on one side and the unprotected precipice on the other.

The old road is grooved in the mountain ; and, says Nicholson, writing of it as it was before the day of the Wild Irishman : "The amazingly abrupt precipice, variegated with fragments and ruins, presents a scene of horror. In some places rocks of vast magnitude, which have probably fallen from the summit, lodge on projecting ledges, and appear in the act of taking another bound."

But carried along by this fast train, we have only the momentary darkness of a tunnel to remind us of what Pen-

maenmawr was a century ago. The Wild Irishman stops nowhere, not even at the little cathedral city of Bangor; and it hurries us on to the Menai Strait, which resembles the Hudson at Tarrytown, with villas and cottages visible everywhere.

Once again we are in darkness, but this time the reverberations are not those of a tunnel. The sounds are hollow and metallic; we are crossing the strait by the tubular bridge which Stephenson built between 1846 and 1850, and which put an end to the frequent accidents that had previously occurred to passengers crossing by the ferry. It was an amazing thing in its day; but we who have Brooklyn bridges, Tower bridges, Tay bridges, and Forth bridges — pray do not speak of it!

One end of the bridge — that by which we enter — is in Carnarvonshire; and when we reach the other we are in the island of Anglesey, the Mona of

early English history, and the last refuge of the Druids. It is not a very large island, only twenty miles from north to south, and twenty-eight miles from east to west. The surface is low and rolling, and, except in the straits, the seaward edge is a long line of cliffs of varying height, at the base of which many a ship has come to grief. There are many Druidical remains on the island, cromlechs and other enigmatical masses of stone which the old hierarchy of the woods has left unexplained; and it was in Anglesey that Suetonius burned the last of the Druids in their own altar fires. Tacitus has painted the wild scene which opened upon the Roman forces when they landed—the motley army in close array and well armed, with women running frantically about, their dishevelled hair streaming in the wind, while they brandished torches in their hands, and the priests moving among them, and, with arms reached

out to heaven, uttering the most awful curses on the invaders. The Roman soldiers were spellbound, and for some time were, as Tacitus puts it, resigned to every wound; but at length, aroused by their leader, and calling on one another not to be intimidated by a womanly and fanatic band, they displayed their ensigns, and quickly hushed their antagonists.

Anglesey has another claim to remembrance, as the home of the founder of the Tudor dynasty, who danced so well that he won the heart of the fair widow of Henry V.

The queen, says an old chronicler, "beyng young and lustye, followyng more her own appetyte than frendely consaill, and regardyng more her private affection than her open honour, toke to husband privily a goodly gentylman, and a beautiful person, garnized with manye godly gyftes, both of nature and of grace, called Owen Teuther, a

man brought forth and come of the noble lineage and auncient lyne of Cadwalader, the last Kynge of the Britonnes."

Some courtiers who were sent to Wales to ascertain the condition of the Tudors found Owen's mother seated in a field with her goats around her ; but there is no doubt that, though reduced in circumstances, the family was of high descent. They certainly lived among the mountains, and they probably stole sheep.

A few miles from Holyhead we pass within a short distance of Aberffraw, the seat of the native princes of Wales ; and thus the Wild Irishman completes its course, and lands us at the gangway of the channel steamer.

The lugubrious passage is not for us this time ; and knowing what it is, we watch the other passengers embark with feelings of pity. It is not an affair of eighty or ninety minutes, like that from Dover to Calais, or from Folkestone to

Boulogne. It takes much longer, and the sea gives the steamer that irregular, eccentric motion which nothing can resist. It is a gusty and rainy expanse, and it is seldom peaceful or sunny. Few who have made it think of it except with abhorrence, and to recall it is to have visions of wet and slippery decks, pelting showers of spray, gray, low-hung clouds, and angry-looking waters.

The steamer is sheltered in a large masonry dock; but, looking out to the mouth of the harbor, we can see the waves spattering over the breakwater, and a sallow-hued anticipation of discomforts to come is visible in the faces of those who are stumbling down the narrow gangplank. There are members of Parliament, government messengers, sportsmen, tourists, and commercial travellers. There are few English people, but many Americans, who could be identified by their enormous iron-clad trunks if they were not individualized in

other ways. The transfer from the train to the boat is quickly effected. Saratogas, knapsacks, gun-cases, fishing-rods, bicycles, and despatch-boxes are rushed on board after the passengers, and then the mail is heaped upon the deck. The bags are lettered with the names of American cities ; and while we are speculating on their contents the little steamer starts, and in a very few minutes passes out beyond the breakwater into the open sea.

It is then that we discover what an empty, noiseless little place Holyhead is. It is the nearest port to Ireland ; and that is, and always has been, the reason of its existence. They say that it may some day become the terminus of the great Liverpool liners ; but that cannot be until the channel has been deepened. The harbor is the principal part of it now, as it was years ago, when there were no steamers, and the vessels used were small sailboats, which often

took days and weeks in making the passage between here and Dublin. Vast sums have been spent on its beacons, and on the long granite breakwater, the granite docks, and the lofty sheds lighted by electricity. There are rumors, as I have said, that some day it will be the terminus of a line of transatlantic steamers, which, by using it, will avoid the fogs and tidal delays of the Liverpool bar ; but in the meantime it has the appearance of a premature expansion. After the departure of the mail-boat it suddenly becomes silent and sepulchrally still. The vociferous newsboy, the wharfingers, the porters, and the railway and steamboat officials all disappear. The ticket-office windows are abruptly closed, and the pensive attendant in the refreshment-room turns the lock on the mildewed veal pies and the sawdust sandwiches, which have reminded us of Mugby Junction. Our footsteps sound boisterously loud, and

we have a feeling of detachment and sequestration. Looking down the harbor, we can see no movement. Half a dozen or more spare boats are moored along the splendid piers, but they are out of service and unmanned.

Wandering out of the brick and granite enclosures of the modern docks, we enter the straggling, arid little town, which has a curious old parish church, with an authentic record from the reign of Edward III.; and then leaving the crouching white cottages with the fortress-like walls behind, we strike out in the direction of the mountain which slopes upward to the north and west of the town, and is of such a height that a veil of blue or purple always hangs upon it.

This is Holyhead itself, the point from which nearly all vessels passing up and down the channel are signalled, and which is familiar to all readers through the maritime columns of the

newspapers. The slope upward from the harbor and town forms a buttress to the wall which the mountain presents to the sea, and from the summit we can look down as dizzy and terrifying a precipice as there is on the coast of North Wales.

The face of the rock is scarred and seamed in an extraordinary manner; and at its base the sea has bored several enormous caverns and alcoves, one of which, called the Parliament House, is seventy feet high.

Our path up the slope is through some rocky, heather-strewn fields, and then over the shoulder of the mountain, and down a deep stairway in the cliff. The sea reaches out before us, quivering and glinting; and down below us rises an appalling mass of rock, linked to the mountain by a frail suspension-bridge, and surrounded by a chain of breakers. On all sides of us there are vertical spaces and jagged edges; and the es-

carpment has a strange and crumpled look, as if it had been torn with difficulty from some other mass by a sudden disrupting force. On every ledge there are flocks of birds, — sea-gulls, razor-bills, cormorants, and guillemots, which whirl and sweep around us, and add to the wildness of the scene by their unearthly shrieks. We might suppose that no other living creatures would be found here; but man's ingenuity has utilized that detached mass of rock, which though below us, is still nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and on the summit rises the white pillar of a lighthouse and the neat cottages of the keepers. The sea has cut a tunnel through it, and when the wind is high the spray is carried over the suspension-bridge which loops the outer cliff with the inner. But, whirl and thunder as the gale will, the waters have never yet reached the lantern, and at night it is visible over the whole of Carnarvon Bay,

and in conjunction with the light on the Skerries, this on the South Stack, as the outer rock on which we are looking is called, guides the boat from Dublin into the harbor, where the Wild Irishman is waiting to retrace its way to the noisy metropolis.

The South Stack is a terror to navigators in thick weather. To double it successfully in a fog is like weathering the Cape. Some great ships of the great lines have touched it, grazed it, and gone away from it with a shudder. I remember stealing up the channel in the record-holder of her day, and hearing a thrilling cry, "Land ahead!" It was daylight, and there was a rush of crew and passengers to the starboard side. Then there was an appalling, despairing voice, — the voice of one whom we knew to have knowledge, "My God! It's the South Stack!" But the bruised steamer backed off into smooth water, and that was one ship saved.

Quite recently the Cunarder "Ceph-
alonia" went ashore under the cliffs,
and but for the smoothness of the sea
would have become a total wreck.

Quaint Old Yarmouth.

YOU reach Yarmouth through a Dutch landscape of watery green levels, with many windmills flinging their arms in the great open spaces, where the horizon is distant, and the sky seems unusually high. These marshes are unable to hold their own against the sea; and the windmills are placed among them to pump the inundating water into dikes, which return the unwelcome floods to the oceanic reservoir from which the tides bring them. The adjacent coast has no height within several miles. Its only defence against the water is in yellow-green dunes; and it seems more than half inclined to surrender to the sea, from which this part of it has been re-

covered within seven or eight hundred years.

The recovery was not speedy, and it is not yet complete. When the gales blow over the German Ocean and strike Norfolk, which juts into it, with Yarmouth on its farthest point, the pallid and low-lying sands threaten to dissolve, and let the sea regain the boundaries which it once had some twenty miles farther inland.

Yarmouth is built on one of these banks, a strip of beach stretching north and south along the coast, less than half a mile wide at one end, and just more than a mile at the other. The Yare, flowing along nearly the whole of the length of its western borders, and emptying at its southern extremity, gives it the form of a peninsula. At one time the Yare, from which its name is derived, also cut it off from the mainland at the northern end, and in finding the sea by two channels, made an island of

it; but the northern passage was gradually choked up by the sand, and was finally closed in 1336, when the south channel became, as it is now, the only outlet to the sea.

Perhaps the reader remembers that young David Copperfield went on a visit to Yarmouth with his mother's handmaiden, who bore the name of Peggotty, and that he has recorded his impressions of the place with some humor: "It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles, which would account for it. As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have

improved it, and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that for her part she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth bloater."

Geologically speaking, Yarmouth is an infant in arms, not having been called up from the deep until the time of William the Conqueror, when the capricious tides left it an insular sand-bank, visible along the edge of the mainland. Its chances of survival seemed very small, and its resources were so meagre that it was said the sands had set up business for themselves. Barren as it was, however, there were good reasons for its existence, as we shall see by and by; and though from time to time the sea endeavored to cancel its gift, the people

who came to live on it successfully resisted the assaults by which the original possessor sought restitution.

“As the sand upon which Yarmouth is built did grow to be drye, and was not overflowen by the sea, but waxed in height, and also in greatnes, much store of people from the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk did resorte thither, and did pitche tabernacles and boothes for the enterteynenge of such sea-faring men and fishermen and merchants as would resorte unto that place, eyther to sell their herringes-fish, or other comodoties, and for providenge such things as those seamen neede and wante.”

This account of an old writer is supplemented by another, in which the orthography is more fantastic.

“In the tyme of Kinge William Rufus, Kinge of this Realm, one Herertus, Bishop of the Sea of Norwiche, perceyvenge greate resorte and concourse of people to be daylie and yearlie uppon

the said Sande, and intendinge to provide for there sowles healthe, did founde and buylde uppon said Sande a certen Chappell for the devotion of the people resortinge thither, and therein did place a Chappelayne of his owne to saye and read divin service, and to recevve such oblations and offerings as the people wolde give and bestowe upon him, and this continewed aboute the space of fourtye years at the leaste. Afterwardes, in the tymes of the Reignes of Kinge Henrye the Firste, Kinge Steven, Kinge Henrye the Second, and Kinge Richard the Firste, Kinges of this lande, the saide Sand did grow into firme grounde by the providence of Almightye God, and was conjoined to the mayne contynent of the yland of Est Flegge on the north parte. The which thinge caused mucche people as well of the Citye of Norwiche, as of the Counties of Norff. and Suff., to repaier unto said place, who being soe gathered together

beganne to buylde howses and dwellinge places there. And the foresaid Kinges being enformed of the resorte of people there, by there commission did appoynte a Ruler and Gouvernour by the name of there Provost of Iernemouth. And the Bisshop of Norwiche seeing such Buyldengs made, and stur of people resortinge thither, buylded by himselfe and by devotion of good people a fayer and goodlie church, for the honor of God and St. Nicholas. To the whiche Church, beinge buylded, were given many offeringes and tythes by the seamen thither resortinge."

Though the sand was at length made permanent, the sea was grudging, and kept the occupiers busy for centuries in preserving it. Without a harbor it was worth no more than any half-submerged knoll which adds to the difficulties of mariners; and though when formed it had a snug haven along the whole of its inner boundary, with two seaward out-

lets, one of the latter was soon filled up, and the other was only kept open by constant labor.

The sands, having set up in business for themselves, proved to be distressingly shifting and irresolute. Having been choked up five times, the harbor was nearly rebuilt for a sixth time, when it was destroyed by rebels, and then followed a disastrous inundation, when men could row up and down the unfortunate little streets. It was several years before the people shook off the despair which this brought upon them; but when they did, the men were helped in building the seventh harbor by women and children, and they were rewarded with success; the seventh harbor being the one which still exists, and shelters many thousand vessels in a year. Those built before it had only lasted thirty years on an average, while the present one has now been in use nearly three hundred and forty years.

Some credit is due to a Dutch engineer who was invited to come from Holland to take part in the work, and who brought with him an experience in the erection of dikes which had saved his country from the flood. Had the work not succeeded, the fate of Yarmouth would have been sealed, and Robinson Crusoe would not have had it for a shelter in the gale which struck the ship of that luckless mariner soon after he left the port of Hull. The inhabitants had little patience left, and their money was exhausted. They had sold the church ornaments, the communion plate, and the bells in the steeple, to secure money for the preservation of their harbor; another failure would have dispersed them, and the pirates hanging out on the dunes, as a warning to others of their kind who were still at large, would have had the sands to themselves.

Taking things as we find them, according to Peggotty's advice, let us see what

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sort of a town has grown out of the struggles of these early inhabitants. It appears, in a hasty survey, to be much younger than it is, for many of its ancient buildings have been modernized out of all recognition. The houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with their façades of cut flint or moulded brick, high-pitched roofs, round chimneys, ample porches, and latticed casements, have disappeared in sweeping alterations; and though the walls of some of them are standing, the fronts have been sheathed with white brick, and the ornaments removed; useless parapets have been run up to hide the high-pitched roofs and dormer windows; modern porticos have been substituted for the former porches; and in the interior, wainscoting and tapestry have been torn down, and carved panels and sumptuous chimney-pieces painted white.

There are really two towns, — the old one, with its fishing industries, and the

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new one on the beach, with its Parade and all the adjuncts of a popular holiday resort. The Parade is after the fashion of English watering places, and has hotels and lodging-houses on one side, and a white sandy beach, with the wheeled sentry-boxes called bathing-machines, and gayly painted pleasure-boats, on the other. It has a sea-wall of masonry, and several piers projecting into the sea.

Nearly all the traffic which passes along the English coast from Leith, Hull, Sunderland, and Newcastle to London and other southern ports, can be seen from the Parade; and so many vessels are in sight at all hours that it seems like the estuary of a great river rather than the open sea. The shapeless colliers, with their funnels far astern, are more numerous than any other steamers, and the horizon is always laced with the brown cords of their smoke. The endless procession in the water also in-

cludes some handsomer steamers belonging to the Mediterranean trade, and fleets of brigs, barks, and schooners, which in unfavorable weather cast their anchors in the Yarmouth roads. When the water is smooth and the wind in a suitable quarter, Yarmouth itself sends out two hundred or more shrimp-boats, which mottle the sea with their dun-colored sails; and several times a day a cutter, as smart as any yacht, may be seen beating up to that haven with a load of fish on board, and her agent's ensign and a pennant as long as her mast flying from her peak.

A Yarmouth cutter is as handy, as swift, and as pretty as almost any craft afloat. If the wind is not against her, she is independent of the tug-boat which is sent out to meet her, and only accepts the escort near the mouth of the harbor, where the channel is not easily managed under sail.

The fishing-boats themselves, to which

the cutters are tenders, collecting the fish from the fleet in the North Sea and carrying it to port, are graceful and swift vessels; and one of them is usually in sight of the Parade, coming home from an eight weeks' cruise, or going out to rejoin the fleet, which may be two or three hundred miles off.

Thus the summer visitors to Yarmouth, who are numbered by thousands, have a picture full of life always before them; and as a holiday ground the old town is increasing in favor every year. The openness of the sea is a disadvantage in winter. The houses on the Parade are not more than sixty yards from the low-water mark; and the easterly gales heap up the sands against their doors, and even carry the spray over their roofs. The wrecks also are brought to their very doors, and the tenants raise their blinds upon many a pitiful sight in the gray mornings. Our landlady told us how she looked out one

morning, and saw seven bodies cast up lifeless by the remorseless sea of a January night — an experience which has many parallels in Yarmouth.

The extent to which the people are interested in the fisheries is visible in many ways and in every direction. A sort of conscription seems to have attached nearly all the inhabitants to this industry, from the freckled and tanned urchin who wears a big oil-skin sou'wester with a fan-shaped brim that reaches over his shoulders to his waist, to the merchant who, though in another line of business, owns a smack, or has some shares in a curing-house.

The fisheries have been the chief support of Yarmouth from the beginning, and coals are not a more evident staple in Newcastle than the produce of the sea is in this old Norfolk town. The dark-blue guernsey shirt is a uniform among a large number of the inhabitants, and colors every gathering. The

oil-skin suit, spread out like a scarecrow, dangles in the windows and over the doors of many shops, in which jack-knives, high boots, tin plates, very small mirrors, and the miscellaneous articles of seamen's wardrobes, are also displayed. The scant vegetation of the dunes outside the town is darkened by the nets spread out to dry; and it is impossible to go far in any direction without seeing a black coil sluggishly issuing from a loft into a cart, which receives it on the street below, this also being a net. Within the loft are many tarry-fingered Penelopes mending old nets and meshing new ones, and men in canvas attire who are soaking their nets in oil and pitch to make them stronger. The nets are hung over fences, hauled up on poles, and drawn out in neat squares wherever there is an unincumbered and convenient space. The odor of them is pungent in the air. The fish-carts, of a light two-wheeled pattern,

rattle along the streets with impressive speed and urgency; and one of the features of the beach and the harbor mouth is the number of lookout boxes perched on the roofs of houses, and on props of their own, in which blue-jacketed and oracular men, with copper-bronzed faces, are constantly aiming telescopes at shadowy specks against the horizon.

Yarmouth is piscatory beyond comparison and beyond description. The conversation on the quays has nothing but fish for its burden.

A shy-looking man with a brown face, far-looking eyes, and a guernsey, is accosted by another person with an amphibious exterior. "Hello, my boy! hello, old shipmet! how many fish?" cries the latter; and the person addressed shrugs his shoulders and looks at the sky as he gives the inquirer the particulars of his last catch.

Then we meet a young fisherman coming home, with a soft yellow beard,

grown during his absence, and his canvas bag thrown over his shoulders — an open-faced young Saxon, marching happily between two friends who are welcoming him ; and there are few places in the world where there are more such fair, winsome Saxon faces as his than in Yarmouth, — honest brown faces with flaxen beards and glistening blue and gray eyes, — or where the speech is more courteous or less servile, and the manners so independently bluff without a touch of incivility.

On the borders of the town the red brick curing-houses, which look like arsenal stores, are conspicuous ; and though the old boat in which the Peggottys lived has disappeared from the spot on the south dunes where it stood up to a few years ago, the obsolete vessels of the fishing-fleet are utilized in many ways for which they were never intended, and sections of their bulwarks may be seen filling up the gaps in the fences on

the western meadows. Some of these veterans are laid up in ordinary on the Suffolk side of the Yare, dismasted and altogether unequipped, but more beautiful than ever they were when prepared for sea ; and their successive coats of paint have melted into one another, and the sea and the sun have refined them into the softest tints.

Even the parish church is dedicated to Nicholas, patron saint of fishermen, and the municipal arms are three demilions impaling three herrings' tails. Anciently there were three herrings argent on a field azure ; but Edward the Third, in acknowledgment of the services done for him by the town in his wars with France, "demidiated" them with his own, and the herrings are now anomalous beasts, half appetizing bloater and half royal lion.

When we know Yarmouth, whatever our doubts on first acquaintance, it turns out to be one of the quaintest of old towns.

The old Church of St. Nicholas, which seen from the sea looms up splendidly above the low-lying town, a bulk of sad gray, with a spire serving as a landmark, is the largest parish church in the country, and exceeds the dimensions of eighteen of the cathedrals. Much increased and altered, of course, it is the same church which was founded by the Bishop of Norwich in 1101 for the souls' salvation of the fishermen who built their huts on the tide-given spit of sand; and in these centuries it has been wrought upon in many different styles of architecture, without the harmony of purpose which was necessary to make it as beautiful as it is bulky; the weather, too, the unsparing chisel of time, has done its work on the gray walls, and left many fractures and ragged apertures. The roof of the nave and aisles is so low that the full proportions of the interior are lost. The congregation often exceeds three thousands persons; and if the seats

were removed, there would be standing-room for over ten thousand persons. The oaken pews are sufficiently uncomfortable; but the atmosphere is warmed by many stained-glass windows, one of which was inserted by a general subscription of the townspeople to the memory of Sarah Martin, a poor sewing-woman who devoted all her leisure and her small means to the reclamation of the prisoners in the borough jail. The church library contains many treasures, and the key is always in the not-inaccessible depths of the parish clerk's pocket.

Perhaps the best of them is an old black-letter Bible, which is interesting for its laborious orthography, and also for its proof that Bible revision is not a guaranty of invariable improvement, though this, after all, is a matter of opinion. Thus, the present version of Deuteronomy xxvi. 13, "I have not transgressed thy commandments," reads in the black-letter, "I have not over-

skypped thy commandments ; ” and Numbers xi. 18, “ Ye have wept in the ears of the Lord,” reads, “ Your whynge is in the ears of the Lorde ” ; while Joshua x. 25, “ Be strong and of good courage,” reads in the black-letter far more idiomatically, “ Be stronge and plucke up your hearts.” In 1 Samuel xix. 10 of the accepted version, “ And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin,” reads, “ And Saul entended to nayle David to the wall with the iavelin.” Proverbs xx. 14, “ It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer ; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth,” is rendered in the old version, “ It is naught, it is naught (sayeth he that byeth anyethynge) ; but when he cometh to hys owne house, then he boasteth of his penyworth.”

The same bland, accommodating sacristan shows us an illuminated manuscript on vellum which contains the whole of the Book of Esther in Hebrew,

illustrated with many droll little figures in the margin, and mounted on a carved ivory handle upon which it rolls ; but better than anything else which he has in his collection — better than the seat near the western door formed of the skull and first vertebra of a whale which drifted ashore and was captured at Caistor, hard by — is a reading-desk of the Middle Ages, which is so superior to anything we have in this nineteenth century, that we wish some ingenious and adaptive person would find out the secret of its mechanism, and give it to the world.

It is apparently as simple as possible, consisting of a series of rotary shelves placed between two uprights. The shelves are ample to hold a score or more of quarto volumes ; and on them a student could put every book he needed in a day's work, and by a touch of a crank bring any one before him in an instant without upsetting the others. The shelves are something like the

paddle-wheels of a steamer, but they keep at one angle while they are revolving. That is the beauty of them, and therein is the secret. On each upright is a cylinder, and in this cylinder is the controlling mechanism. Who that has had twenty books of reference before him, and has had to take each one up and put it down, and take it up again at least twenty times, reaching across his table and upsetting his ink-pot, or stumbling off a ladder while groping at the ordinary shelves against the walls, losing his composure and his inspiration, all to verify some petty but arbitrary and requisite fact—who that knows these mishaps and vexations of a library, would not give much to possess such a boon? It was made about the end of the sixteenth century, and is therefore far beyond the reach of the priority claims of modern inventors.

Having shown this to us, the parish clerk says, “Now, gentlemen, you have

seen all I have," with the fine suavity which the Duke of Devonshire might display in relieving himself of a guest at Chatsworth, and a strong suggestion of personal ownership, which we recognize by giving him what Junius Henri Browne has called, to offset the reproach of "the almighty dollar," "the omnipotent shilling."

Yarmouth was a walled town, and a good part of the ancient enclosure has been preserved, with the old towers which stood at the gates. The veneration in which it has been held is remarkable, in contrast with the desecrating spirit which has gutted so many of the old houses; and when the new board schools were built near the north gate, a large section of it which stood in the way was not sacrificed, but embrasures were made in it to give access to the shining academic buildings, and the raggedness of the openings was smoothed with the flaring scarlet brick of the

schools, which blazes in contrast with the mottled gray and grass-tufted walls.

On Middlegate Street is the borough jail, which has been known for ages as the Toll-house, because in the old times the bailiffs were accustomed to receive their tolls in the great chamber on the first floor; and there are few buildings in England of more interest from an architectural point of view than this, which has an external balustered staircase and gallery, and has been untouched by the indiscriminate hands of modern improvers. The staircase leads to an Early English stone doorway, with good mouldings and shafts, and at the side are two unglazed Early English windows with cinque-foil heads. The building has been used as a jail for over six hundred years; and that seems but a moderate span in so old a place as Yarmouth, in some of the nooks of which but little effort is required to put one back into the Middle Ages.

At one time the inhabitants of this old borough took to living on a plan almost entirely their own, and the Rows in which they built their houses remain to this day the most curious of all the features of the ancient town. The Rows are narrow streets leading to and from the quays — not narrow in the ordinary sense, but narrower, perhaps, than any other streets in the world, their average width being six feet. They are not isolated, infrequent lanes left between more commodious thoroughfares by the incomplete modification of early plans, but they form a system, and their aggregate length is about eight miles. Six feet is their average width ; but some of them are scarcely more than three feet, and two persons cannot pass one another without contracting themselves and painfully sidling in the opposite directions. The pavement is of rough cobble-stones, with sometimes a strip of flags down the middle to ease the way of the pedes-

trian. The houses tower up with smooth perpendicular walls, like cliffs, on both sides, and shut out the light, the upper stories projecting in many cases beyond the lower, and forming an arch over the narrow passage below. Most of these houses are very old; and the material of which they are built is flint or stone, often whitewashed, though occasionally left in its natural condition, with open timbering in the fronts — in one or two the masonry is of the herring-bone pattern; but huddled up as they are, without regard to privacy or ventilation, staring into one another's faces with undesirable intimacy, they are of a good class, and are in good condition, and some of them have lateral court-yards, with nasturtiums and scarlet-runners dragging a tender green web over their white walls. The narrowest of the Rows is only two feet three inches in width. There are in all one hundred and fifty-six of them, each known by its

number. The object of the frugal plan in which they originated is a mystery. One of the guesses at it is this:—

The fishermen spread their nets out to dry very carefully, and leave on the four sides of each net a clear passage four, five, or six feet wide. It is suggested that the ground on which the Rows stand was once used for this purpose, and that the passages became so well defined from constant traffic that eventually they were perpetuated as streets. However this be, it is certain that some of the houses in the Rows were among the first built in the town, and certain also that, leading from the main street, they give easy access to the quay, whereon Yarmouth finds its chief interest. When the moon is full, and throws black beams of shadow across these alleys, and opens seeming pitfalls in their rugged pavement, a stranger hesitates to enter them. At all times they seem to properly belong to conspirators;

but they are quite safe and reputable. In olden times the watchmen patrolled them "crying the wind" for sleepless merchants and anxious skippers; and the bellmen of the Church of St. Nicholas prayed in them for the souls of those who had bequeathed money for the purpose. The wind holds pretty well to one quarter in Yarmouth, and it is said that the watchmen seldom had occasion to vary their announcements: "East is the wind; east-northeast; past two, and a cloudy morning."

Having invented the narrowest streets in the world, the inhabitants had to devise an original vehicle for their locomotion, as no ordinary cart could enter them, and this necessity was relieved by the "trolley" — a peculiar cart about twelve feet long, with two wheels revolving on a low axle placed underneath the sledge, the extreme width of the vehicle being about three feet six inches.

Even in the dead of night the Rows are

not quite still. All of them lead toward the river, and some of them reveal the black lines of clustered masts and rigging. Many of the houses are occupied by fishermen, who are astir at all hours. The shrimpers go out to meet the tide at eleven or twelve o'clock ; and though the river has some traffic with distant ports, the most frequent vessels on it are the "dandy-rigged" boats and the rakish cutters which belong to the great industry of the town.

The industry is great in every sense of the word. Over three million dollars, or six hundred thousand pounds, is invested in it ; it employs more than one thousand vessels and eight thousand men, and the late Frank Buckland computed that the herrings caught in one year would be sufficient to make fourteen meals for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

The herring is the mainstay of the town's prosperity ; it was the abundance

of this palatable and wholesome fish that attracted the early settlers to the sands.

Statistically it is nearly as interesting as it is upon the breakfast-table. Yarmouth and the adjacent town of Lowestoft catch four hundred and fifty million a year; and the gross yearly produce of the North Sea and East Atlantic fisheries is said by Mr. William Watt of Aberdeen (the author of an exceedingly interesting essay on the subject), to be not less than twenty-four hundred million, or two herrings to every man, woman, and child in the world. The cod, ling, and hake destroy twelve times as many herrings as all the fishermen of Europe catch, and the shoals are also preyed upon by other fish and great flocks of birds. Nearly all the fish that swim prey upon the herring at one stage or another of its existence. The spawning grounds are ravaged by crabs and lobsters, and by all sorts of flatfish; and the fry is consumed by the haddock, the

whiting, and the herring itself. The shoals are sometimes four miles long and two broad, and the fish are so densely packed that those in the rear have been known to push the front ranks ashore. The nets used by the Scotch and Yarmouth fisheries together are long enough to reach from Liverpool to New York more than four times; and yet some commissioners who are appointed to investigate the subject have reported that nothing which man has done has diminished the stock of herrings in the sea, and nothing which man is likely to do can diminish it. The fecundity of the fish is so great that the progeny of a single female would at one spawning, if all the ova were hatched, be sufficient to fill about forty barrels, and it is this reproductive power which enables the species to hold its place.

The North Sea is the principal home of the herring, and the shoals come and go from shore to deep water and back

again, influenced by temperature, spawning, and the location of their food. In the north of Scotland they are most abundant by the 1st of August, while in the vicinity of Yarmouth the principal fishing does not begin until September. No herrings are caught in January. Toward the end of February the fishermen begin to catch spring herrings, and continue to do so during March, April, and May. In June and July the midsummer herrings are caught; and little is done in August preliminary to the opening of the autumn or home fishing, which lasts from September until about Christmas. Two or three days before the great festival, all the boats come in, and are moored along the wharf, bow on, from the Southtown Bridge to the estuary where the Yare empties between two picturesque wooden piers into the sea.

The boats are not like the broad-beamed, red-sailed luggers of the south

coast, which are so effective in water-color pictures, but are of slender proportions, and yacht-like neatness and grace. They are decked vessels of from twenty-five to forty-five tons, narrow and low in the water, with a slope from stem and stern to the centre, and they have the speed as well as the appearance of yachts. Their rig is what is known as the "dandy" pattern, probably from its trimness.

But their resemblance to a yacht is only external. The greater part of the interior is taken up by the hold, in which the fish is packed, and far astern is the small cabin in which the captain and his crew take what little rest they can get.

Cabin! Let the reader picture to himself a small coal cellar, and consider that this is better ventilated and quite as light as the quarters given in many of the boats to eight men. The whole space is about seven feet square, and

six feet high from deck to deck; and it is utilized with the ingenious economy of a portable kitchen, in which pot fits within pot, and the grate compasses the whole paraphernalia. Let into the sides are two bunks, each about thirty inches high, for the accommodation of four men, and a bench is fixed to three sides, with mysterious lockers under it; the fourth side gives way to a ladder leading to the upper deck, and a stove about ten inches square, across the front of which a chain is drawn to keep the kettle from rolling off in the lurching of the boat. The sleeping and eating of the crew and the cooking are all accomplished in this close and dusky kennel.

Out of the herring season, the boats are at sea for eight weeks, trawling for mackerel, whiting, cod, and soles; and they often get as far away from home as two hundred miles, and are out in the heaviest gales. It is nothing but work and wet and cold for the men during

these eight winter weeks; and they have no recreation but sleep, and little food in addition to their own fish. Perhaps, if they have money, they get boozy on the grog supplied to them by the floating dram-shops which are sent out by the Dutch; perhaps, if they have not money, and are dishonest, which is rarely the case, they still attain this felicity by giving some part of the boat's tackle in exchange for the illicit spirit. At the end of eight weeks, the captain, whose knowledge of navigation is very small, gropes his way home, depending on soundings and the look of things rather than on any exact observations for his guidance, and not sleeping until the gray spire of the old parish church, and the immense column erected to the memory of Nelson on the South Dunes, are in sight, and he has safely passed the narrow mouth of the Yare, from which many maritime wiseacres have been watching him for hours.

A week ashore is allowed for refitting between cruises, and the crew is then paid off. The captain receives for his ceaseless toil about eighteen shillings a week, and a small percentage of the value of his cargo, which does not average more than eight shillings a week extra, and the men are paid from eight to ten shillings a week.

While the boats are in the trawling-grounds they are divided into fleets, each being under an "admiral," — one of the most experienced of the masters, who receives a small sum for directing them in sailing and trawling, and in conveying their fish to the carrying cutters. The boats do not bring their fish into port, but deliver it to fast cutters, which go among them to collect it, and take it to Yarmouth, or sometimes, when the wind is favorable, to Billingsgate. The coming in of the cutters is one of the prettiest and most familiar sights in Yarmouth. With a fair breeze they

travel at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, and are as fast as almost any tugboat, and make the harbor without assistance ; but when the wind is against them, and they are expected, all eyes are strained in the lookout boxes at the harbor mouth, and a steamer is sent out to help them in. Although the steamer is hired at a guinea an hour, and her connection with them ends as soon as she has brought them up to the wharf, her crew take a personal interest in the search, and speak of the particular cutter for which they are sent as "our cutter," and the pennant which she carries as "our pennant." There was a poor coal-blackened fellow, who bore the triple labor of stoker, deck-hand, and cabin-boy, on board the steamer in which we went out, whose zeal in this everyday business of looking for a cutter knew no bounds. It was evidently a passion with him.

When the cutter is found, she is tri-

umphantly towed over the bar and up the narrow river to the commodious new fish wharf, if her load is for the Yarmouth market, and soon there is a clanging of bells and a crowding of men, who gather about the auctioneer in response to the urgent invitations of his clerk. "Now, you mackerel-buyers!" "This way for soles!" "Now, you haddockers, this way! this way!" If the load is for London, it is taken to the railway wharf farther up the river, and shot along smooth planks from the deck into the truck. The fish is packed on board the boats in small wooden crates, each bearing a tag with the name of the vessel to which it belongs, and they are covered with ice as they are piled up in the truck.

In the herring season, instead of being out eight weeks at a time, the boats are only away for a day or two. The best fishing is on dark nights; for the herring knows a net when he sees it, and the

moonlight enables him to avoid it. Drift-nets are used, each from eighteen to twenty yards long; and while the boat is fishing, her mast is lowered to ease her rolling. There are few brisker sights than the fish wharf on a sunny morning in season, when hundreds of boats are moored alongside, and the fish, overflowing the baskets, lie in silvery heaps on the stones.

The glory of Yarmouth is its bloater, but the highest qualities of the bloater are so fleeting that only those who live in or near the town can know how deserved the glory is. Take one of the primest of these herrings, "spit" it, and smoke it from eighteen to twenty-four hours; thus the common herring is transmuted into the delicate and incomparable bloater. The arsenal-like red brick buildings seen in many parts of the town are used for this purpose. The choicest of the herrings, technically "bloater stuff," are selected, and threaded

through the gills on sticks or "spits" about a yard long, and placed in racks, one above the other, to a height of thirty feet or more, in a building called the smoke-house. One man stands in the racks with his legs astraddle, and puts "spit" after "spit" in position, about twenty-five herrings being on each "spit," until thousands of the fish are hanging like stalactites under the high roof.

"We call these loves," an old man told us as he climbed up the racks; "I'm up among the loves."

"Loves?" we repeated incredulously.

"Yes, l-o-v-e with a *hes*," he replied positively; though we afterward found out that he was mistaken, and that the proper name of the racks is *louvres*.

When "the loves" are filled, a log of oak is lighted and left to smoulder, and in about eighteen hours the herrings have absorbed a certain proportion of the smoke, and become perfect bloaters, with an unmatched delicacy of flavor. They

have so little salt in them and are so finely cured that they are too perishable to be sent any distance, and thus it is that in this condition the bloater is only known to those who are in or near Yarmouth. Smoked for a longer period, and salted, they are prepared for the foreign markets, and an exposure of twelve or thirteen days to the fumes of the oak produces the vulgar red herring. The stale fish, and those which have lost their heads or are in any way disfigured, are packed in barrels and compressed by a machine like a cheese-press, in which form they are sent to Italy, where they may often be seen in the shop windows adding a shining disk to the glitter of a Venetian day.

After the herrings the things caught in greatest abundance by the Yarmouth fishermen are shrimps; and one of the commonest signs in the town is this :—

Shrimps Boiled and Alive,
Sold by the Catcher.

The catcher is usually out all night in a small open boat. He uses a small trawling-net, which drags along the bottom of the sea, and receives all the things it disturbs. When he hauls it in, it contains many strange creatures besides the frisky, grasshopper-like decapod crustacean for which he is seeking, but when the weather is fair and the tide favorable, he gets a fair load of the latter, which he brings home alive in the morning.

Considering how much they have done for it, and the arduousness of their lives, the town has done little for its fishermen. In a corner of the market-place is a low building of dusky red brick, with a steep red-tiled roof, and dormer windows with diamond panes. It is nearly two centuries old. It forms a hollow square, and is divided into twenty cottages, each containing a bedroom and a sitting-room. Here twenty poor fishermen, all of them over sixty years of age,

are provided with fairly comfortable lodgings, one of the cottages being allowed to each man and his wife, or, if he is unmarried, another is quartered with him. By the railing which encloses the old building from the street are two benches, one opposite the other; and on these, in fine weather, one may see the pensioners, very old and feeble men indeed, who cough and chat among themselves, and wait with dreamy resignation for the end of their days. Many of them wear blue guernsey shirts with canvas trousers; but among them are all sorts of make-shift costumes, and on Sundays all of them reach the dignity of a chimney-pot hat. In honor of this day and all festivals they hoist up any old flags they can get hold of, — the discarded streamers of a circus, or the advertising banner of a shopkeeper, — and when sunset comes, they bring this shabby old bunting down, and, after a quiet pipe, steal off silently to their

rooms. They seem to be content. Their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, going to the parish school near by, come in and chat with them, and they have visits from dutiful daughters who help them in keeping their rooms in order. The last we saw of them was in leaving the parish church one Sunday evening, when they were punctiliously lowering their flags as the sun went down, and it seemed to us to be their sun that was setting.

* * * * *

One word of advice : if you would see these quaint people and their quaint old town, go there late in the autumn or early in the spring. In midsummer, alas ! Yarmouth is the paradise of the cad.

Law, Lawyers, and Law-Courts.

THE days of Miss Flite are over. The ruinous delays of chancery and the battledore and shuttlecock of unfortunate litigants between the courts of equity and the courts of common law, which disfigured English justice for centuries, are done away with by recent changes in the system of judicature. The law has been altered and remodelled according to the dictates of common-sense, and the old engines of heart-breaking procrastination are become obsolete.

When Miss Flite was alive, a suit often lasted for a quarter of a century or more, and the cost of the litigation exceeded the value of the property in

dispute. Every person interested was made a plaintiff or defendant, and if one of them died during its progress the suit had to be begun again; and this was also the case if a woman in either party married.

Under the Judicature Act of 1875 the courts of common law and the courts of chancery, with their separate jurisdictions, were consolidated into one supreme court of judicature; and law and equity, instead of being antagonistic and apart, were brought within the range of one tribunal. The Court of King's (or Queen's) Bench, which formerly heard only criminal cases, the Common Pleas, which existed for disputes between subject and subject, and the Exchequer, whose functions were limited to suits in connection with the collection of the revenue, were harmonized and enlarged in scope; and a private person may now bring his action in either of them. Under the same act numberless other em-

barrassments and eccentricities were swept away.

An illustration of the toilsome course of justice in former times may be seen in the speech of the judge to a man who, previous to the opening of the present Divorce court, was convicted of bigamy, at Warwick.

"You tell me," said his lordship to the prisoner, "that your first wife left her home and her young children to live with another man. You say this prosecution is an instrument of extortion on the part of the offenders. . . . These are circumstances of which the law does not take notice. Now, listen to me, and I will tell you what you ought to have done. Immediately you heard of your wife's falsehood, you should have gone to an attorney, and directed him to bring an action against her betrayer. You should have prepared your evidence, instructed counsel, and proved the case in court; and recollect that it was

imperative you should recover—I do not mean actually obtain—substantial damages. Having proceeded thus far, you should have employed a proctor, and instituted a suit in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*. I doubt not that you would have obtained it. Then you had only to obtain a private act of Parliament to dissolve your marriage; and, upon payment of the proper fees, and proof of the facts, you might have lawfully married again. I see that you would tell me that those proceedings would have cost you one thousand pounds, and that all your small stock in trade is not worth one hundred pounds. Perhaps it may be so. The law has nothing to say to that. As you have not taken the proceedings I have named, you stand a convicted culprit, and it is my duty to pass sentence upon you. You will be imprisoned for one day.”

As a recent writer has said, what was

justice on one side of Westminster Hall was injustice on the other ; and the existence of two different principles under that one historic roof gave rise to many unseemly feuds and undignified contradictions between the propounders of each. The judicature has not yet been relieved of all its anomalies, its historic excrescences, its circuitous pomp, its red tape, but it has been very much simplified and smoothed out. The oddities that cling to it are mostly ornamental and not obstructive, and it would have been contrary to the English reverence for tradition to disencumber it of all its quaint and picturesque accessories. So, when the judges of assize travel through a county, the sheriff has to provide a sufficient escort of javelin-men for their protection, if necessary ; and when there is a maiden assize — that is, one at which no prisoners are to be tried — he is expected to present their “ ludships ” with a pair of white gloves apiece.

The complaint of some imaginative writers that there is less encouragement to place the scenes of their novels in this country than in England—less opportunity for vivid effects of literary color—must seem to an American who visits the English law-courts justified in them at least, when he contrasts their sombre state and suggestive adjuncts with the prosaic and almost mercantile appearance of the courts at home. He recalls the picture as it is there: the frescoed, wide-windowed court-room, furnished like a merchant's office, with the sun flooding it, and unsubdued newness evident upon everything,—his honor the judge seated on the bench (a youngish man most likely), without wig or gown, but with a political diamond shining in his well-exposed shirt-front; the criers without insignia, the lawyers mixed up with and undistinguishable from the reporters, the litigants and spectators looking very much alike, and all, indeed,

without any strong marks of individuality.

Then he turns his attention to one of the English courts, and he at once sees more character, more color, and, if less common-sense, more picturesque formality. My lord on the bench is robed and wigged, and wears a becoming air of judicial severity. He seems apart from other men, and exhibits outward signs of his special functions. The barristers also are robed and wigged; and they look like barristers, a special class, and are not, like American lawyers, undistinguishable from the shopkeepers and merchants who fill the jury-box. The clerks and minor officials of the court have their distinct individuality, and each is as unmistakable as the judge himself. Even the spectators in an English court-room have certain special characteristics which separate them from other crowds, and add a tributary force to the scene. Plaintiff and defendant

loom up with as strong a personality as any of the characters of Dickens. Any oddity of manner seems almost unduly emphasized, as if the grotesque developing light of the humorist had been thrown upon it.

The court-room itself is an inspiration to the imagination ; it has a mystic atmosphere, as if it held somewhere out of sight the spirits of its departed litigants. A voice sounds full and reverberant as if it came from a tunnel. The persons present move on tiptoes, and communicate with each other in the lowest whispers. The windows are diamond-paned and mullioned, and are veiled as with *crêpe* by the soot which the rain has washed upon them. The open rafters of the roof are oaken, and the walls are panelled in with the same wood. There are heavy hangings of drapery, and the whole effect of the chamber is so dark that the blazonry of the royal arms glows over the bench like a fire. Listening

here, and taking in the details of the scene, one need not be a novelist to feel how strong a background it makes for fiction.

The channels through which a litigant has to pass before he reaches the court are also full of what may briefly be called literary material. Any interest which an American writer can get out of an interview with a lawyer must come from the situation of his characters; it cannot be evolved out of any description of the lawyer's office, which is probably in some new ten-storied nest of brokers and merchants, a wonder of convenience, but a place without any color except the astonishing and pyrotechnically brilliant frescos, without any movement that is not pushing, and without a corner in it, from the well-aired concrete basement to the roof (where the janitor has a sort of little suburban house), in which Romance could harbor. But how fertile in sug-

gestion of plot are the narrow alleys and inns which the lawyers reserve for themselves in English cities, and especially in London, monopolizing a whole neighborhood, even naming its streets after the processes and dignitaries of their own profession, and giving it a local and definite aspect not to be confounded with other neighborhoods! How easily their offices fit into a story, the walls iron-clad with dark-green deed-boxes, the clerks so well defined in rank and personality, from the neat and airy young gentlemen who are "articled," to the shabby penman, and the threadbare old retainer who always sits at a back desk! With what interest and mystery the door of the principal opens and closes, the voices within rising higher for a moment or two as one interview ends and some one hurriedly passes out, and another who has been waiting with heavy-breathing anxiety passes in! How like itself alone Chancery Lane is, with

the lawyers' clerks hurrying to and fro, carrying glazed-leather bags, and the barristers afoot and in cabs, hastening to and from their chambers, and wearing their loose gowns and gray wigs in the street with a recklessness which seems sure to bring a cold upon them! And how fleet the wings of the imagination become within the precincts of the old Inns of Court, the sooty barracks, with sinking and weatherworn roofs, in which young lawyers live very much as they did in the time when George Warrington smoked his cutty-pipe, and dipped into pewters of ale between the paragraphs of his articles, and gave bluff encouragement to young Pendennis when the latter was writing "At the Church-Porch"!

The old Inns of Court have a fascination which defeats all attempts at vandal innovation; and the barristers of unborn generations will probably sit contentedly under the same cobwebs,

and read by the light of the same little windows, which their predecessors have sat under and read by for uncounted years.

The mould, the cracked plaster, the shaky stairs, and the dirty windows of the Inns of Courts are not endured for any economical reasons. The drawing-room floor in one of the many pretty suburbs of London would cost no more than the three little rooms which look out on the fountain in Temple Court. But young Briefless is happier there than anywhere else. A new apartment-house fitted with every convenience for himself and his kind might be built for him, but it would seem like forsaking his profession to leave the odd little historic dens out of which all the leaders of the bench and bar have passed. He is even proud of them, and lets the dust and cobwebs accumulate in them as the right of his successor.

Not only are the inconveniences of

chambers costly in English law. A barrister requires at least three hundred pounds for his preliminary expenses, and it is likely that he will have to spend more than twice as much again before a brief comes to him. Many a struggle with poverty is going on in those dark little chambers. There is a justice in London who does not mince matters, who talks in the bluntest way. His name is Mr. Commissioner K—. On a certain occasion he peremptorily refused to make an order of committal on a judgment summons, declaring that it was not shown that the debtor had means to pay.

"But," said the applicant, "he is a barrister, with chambers in the Temple."

"No matter," rejoined the commissioner, literally in these words; "lots of barristers in the Temple are starving; two-thirds of them are doing no business."

The bar is, indeed, overcrowded. It is

the refuge of many young men of good family who have no aptitude of any kind, and who enter it because it is genteel. Some of them drift into other professions, nearly all of them dabble in literature, and a few of them wait patiently for years until some chance brief comes to them like a good fairy. Mr. Gilbert's satire has not missed these unfortunates; and one of the characters in "Trial by Jury" tells how when young he had an appetite fresh and hearty, and was, as most young barristers are, "an impecunious party."

The privilege of making barristers in England belongs to the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, the four ancient law-societies. Until recently students had only to pay some fees, and eat a certain number of dinners in the halls of their inns, to qualify themselves for being called to the bar; and many men who had no idea or intention of practising had themselves

enrolled as barristers in much the same spirit as they would have their names put up at a club. But, with the exception of members of the universities, all have now to undergo a preliminary examination in general knowledge before they are admitted as students; and all must pass satisfactory examinations in law before receiving the degree of barrister, which entitles them to practise in all English courts. The degree is also accompanied by the legal right to the universally appropriated title of "esquire."

It costs scarcely less to make an attorney than a barrister. Unless a man is content to be an office-drudge all his life, he must have a handsome sum to back him at the outset of his career. In all attorneys' offices there are two sorts of clerks, — unarticled clerks and articled clerks. The former are poor scriveners, without distinction or special value. The latter are apprentices, who are received

into the office for instruction, and pay a large premium for the privilege; and it is expected that they will in the end become members of the firm. The articles are articles of indenture; and it is not likely that before the tyro is out of them he will have spent less than a thousand pounds, and, as articulated clerks are generally very ornamental and extravagant young men, their parents and guardians often sorrowfully find the cost of their training double this sum. From time to time the articulated clerks of provincial cities come to London to read with a "coach" in one of the inns; and most of them improve the opportunity at the Criterion, the Gaiety, and other places of amusement. An hour's reading a day covers the whole of their studies, and after a certain term of this they appear at the Law Institute and are examined.

As some of the laziest and most dissipated young men I ever knew succeeded in passing the examination and

being enrolled as attorneys, I fancy that protracted devotions to plump barmaids, late hours, and brandies and sodas are favorable rather than otherwise to success. At all events, as one of these young men told me when the time for examination was near and I ventured to warn him, seeing that his reading had consisted principally of *The Referee* and *The Era*, "It isn't reading they care about" (referring to the examiners); "it's a knowledge of the ordinary work of an office."

The attorneys were formerly distinguished from proctors, who practised in the ecclesiastical courts, and from solicitors, who practised in chancery — the latter being so called because originally employed to solicit the clerks of the court to give priority to their clients' cases. But attorneys, proctors, and solicitors are now one. The bench exercises a close watch over their conduct, and may strike any name off the rolls.

As a rule, their character both for intelligence and integrity is very high. But here and there a little sharp practice may pass unnoticed ; here and there a rogue is discovered whose methods remind one of the "shysters" of the New York police courts.

Up to a few years ago one of the large towns in the North possessed a certain criminal lawyer who combined Wemmick's passion for portable property with the facility of a Jaggers in extricating his clients out of the little difficulties into which housebreaking and other peccadilloes plunged them. If he was for the prisoner, the evidence had to be very strong indeed against that unfortunate to secure his conviction. The prosecutor generally felt hopeless when he saw that C—— was his antagonist. C——'s forefinger, like that of Jaggers, made the witnesses perjure themselves, and terrified the magistrates. He had a fine income, of course, but it was not

enough to sustain him in the profligate life which he led. He appeared in court in a dandified dress, with a flower in his buttonhole and the aroma of frangipanni on his linen; but his eyes were bloodshot with the unextinguished fires of the previous night's debauch, and the odor of his breath was of the morning dram. He was often penniless after those "sprees;" and, like many men who are generous when well supplied with money, he was not over-particular as to his ways of raising more when he was short. When any one came to his office to engage his services on these occasions, he would not listen to a word until he had discovered the resources of his caller.

"Come, come, now! What have you got? Be quick, be quick; let me see!"

The caller emptied his pocket before him; and C—— shook his head or nodded it with satisfaction, as the case might be.

If the sum was small, he scolded:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming to me with such a sum as that!" But, however small the amount was, he put it into his pocket, and added to it everything "portable" that he could secure. On one occasion, having accepted a large fee, he used it to prolong a debauch, and forgot his engagement to his client, who, when he found that his counsel was absent, threatened to expose him. Some friends of the lawyer sent for him in haste, but he was incapable of appearing.

"There," he said in alarm, thrusting one guinea of the several he had received into a young attorney's hand, "for heaven's sake, go and do what you can for the noisy wretch! He deserves the treadmill."

At length his irregularities became too flagrant to escape the notice of the court, and his name would surely have been taken off the rolls had not his death made the action unnecessary.

For the purposes of judicature England and Wales are divided into eight "circuits," which are periodically visited by certain of the judges, who transact the civil and criminal business of the towns within them at assizes held in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Certain judges have certain circuits assigned to them, and they are followed from town to town by certain barristers who identify themselves with them. Thus, the Midland circuit has one set of judges and barristers, and the Northern circuit another set; and thus, also, they move together in their own orbit, and become used to one another. The judges are selected from among the barristers, and he who is at the bar of one circuit to-day may be on the bench of the same circuit to-morrow. A kindly feeling, which springs from a sense of brotherhood, exists between them. One of the reasons which are urged against the removal of the present distinction

between barristers and solicitors is that the advocate should feel himself identified with the court and a part of it, as under the present system he does; the effect being that, while individuals may have anything said on their behalf which it is proper to say, the public are secured against undignified attempts to misrepresent the law for the casual advantage of particular litigants. Take away the distinction between barristers and solicitors, it is said, and the security will be diminished, or the distinction will reproduce itself in another form. If men should practise in the courts exceptionally or occasionally, giving the greater part of their time to other work, their behavior in court would be that of inexperienced strangers, not sharing the sentiments of the court, and not concerned for its dignity or the general success of its operations. This is the argument of those who are opposed to a change; and, though it may appear specious and

disingenuous, even frivolous, to persons unfamiliar with the peculiarities of the English system, it is essentially sound, There can be no doubt that the relations of barristers and judges as they now are tend to protect the honor and uphold the dignity of the law. The bar is a critical body, and its opinion of judicial decisions and judicial character is looked upon by the judges themselves as of high value and importance.

The main difference between a barrister and a solicitor is that the case is prepared by the latter, and presented to the court by the former. The barrister has no direct relations with the party upon whose side he is in the suit. He is "instructed" by the solicitor, and from him receives the brief, upon which the amount of his *honorarium* is marked. The figures on the brief are unaccompanied by any contract, and the amount cannot be recovered at law. Sometimes additions are made to the original fig-

ures, until the brief looks like a paper upon which a mathematician has been working out a complicated problem. The sums paid to barristers are often enormous; but in the case of young men who are struggling along in one of the gloomy old chambers, and who are only saved from starvation by the help which literature often gives to the educated man when his own profession neglects him, they are small enough. Several hundred guineas to begin with, and one hundred guineas for each day of the case, are not unusual as the reward of a distinguished counsel.

When the present Lord Chief Justice was plain Mr. Russell, Q.C., he and Sir John Holker were oppositely engaged in a case at Liverpool. The former referred to some occurrence in connection with the case as a "matter of history."

"Will my learned friend define what he means by a 'matter of history'?" said Sir John.

"Well, I might say," courteously answered Mr. Russell, "that it is a matter of history when Sir John Holker comes to Liverpool."

"Indeed!" said the object of the compliment; and, quickly looking at the handsome figures marked on his brief, he added, "then I do not care how often history repeats itself."

The judges are chosen from among the barristers. When a vacancy occurs, the government in power, of course, prefers to appoint one of its supporters to the position; but if a fitter man is found in the Opposition his political opinions do not disqualify him. Mr. Gladstone appointed Sir John Holker as justice of the Court of Appeals, though he had been the Conservative attorney-general in Lord Beaconsfield's ministry, and both in and out of the House a bitter opponent of the Liberal party.

A visitor to the superior courts must

be struck by the dignity, the impartiality, and the wisdom with which justice is administered. There is something parental in the judge's attitude. He is quick to reprove the smallest sign of disrespect, and sharp in pinning down any inaccuracy. But he strives to understand a confused witness, and to help out a blundering counsel. He is not likely to be inferior in knowledge or experience to any of the counsel appearing before him; and what was said of Sir George Bramwell applies to most of his associates on the bench: "How often we have had to recognize that when, by the force of his inexorable logic, he has driven us into a dilemma, he was prompt to hold out the hand of his friendship to extricate us from the difficulty which was overwhelming us! We all know, too, when necessity required that he should strike an incisive blow with the weapon of his speech, how apt he was to lessen the pain of

the wound by the covering of an epigram."

In the minor courts it is different. Among county justices of the peace and police-magistrates there is too often an arrogance, a lack of discrimination, and a pompous display of authority, in which personal inclinations are taken into account rather than law. But the newspapers are so alert that any gross miscarriage of justice is inevitably brought before the Home Secretary, and in most instances rectified. The police-reports, however, often contain cases which show that the Fang whom Dickens described in "Oliver Twist" is not extinct, though his chances for mischief may be curtailed. The likeness is so strong that one could easily mistake the judge, whose frankly expressed opinion on the condition of barristers I have already quoted, for the original of this character. Not long ago he was hearing a suit for the recovery of a debt, in which

the defendant pleaded insufficiency of means, showing that his income was only ninety pounds, or four hundred and fifty dollars, a year, and that he had a wife and family to support, besides an invalid sister.

"You are not bound to support your sister," sharply said the commissioner.

"But there is no one else to support her," the unfortunate man cried.

"Yes, there is," retorted this humane lawgiver; "there's the workhouse."

"I could not let her go there," continued the witness.

"You *must*," persisted his worship. "Debts must be paid first, and charity dispensed afterward. As to means, I am beginning to learn how people can and do live. I had an application made to me for out-door relief the other day by a woman who supported herself, husband, and child on fifteen shillings [three dollars and seventy-five cents] a week, earned by waistcoat-making.

Ninety pounds a year will keep a good home, if properly laid out ; but if a great part of it is spent in tobacco and the public house, it is a different thing. I shall make an order for committal. People must learn to exercise self-restraint."

Municipal ordinances in Great Britain are not passed to display aldermanic phraseology and then to be evaded. The individual is required to respect the law in its least weighty decrees as the law respects him ; it will not be hoodwinked, as it so often is in the United States, especially in the large cities. There are ordinances in the municipal code of the latter which are intended to control drinking-places, houses of amusement, public conveyances, and the weights and measures of shopkeepers ; but they are rarely enforced. If every ordinance which lies unobserved and disregarded on the shelves of the Common Council were put in force, New

York would be a model city. There are laws enough, indeed, but there is not enough law.

Now, in England, though there is some evasion, law is generally enforced. As in American cities, there are ordinances relating to public-houses, conveyances, adulterations, and weights and measures; but they cannot be violated with impunity. All glasses, tankards, and measures in public-houses are periodically tested; and, if the publican would avoid a fine, they must be exactly of the prescribed standard. Should he sell as a pint a measure containing a little less than that quantity, he would surely, if discovered, be summoned before a magistrate and fined. He must give an exact pint,—no more and no less.

Some inspectors are absurdly punctilious. Not long ago one of them happened to be in a tavern near Liverpool when a pretty servant-girl came in for the dinner-beer. She handed the barman

her jug, asking for a pint; and he, out of compliment to the dainty white cap she wore, or perhaps to her face, gave her what is known as the "long pull," or nearly double the standard quantity. Mr. Inspector here made himself known, seized the jug, measured its contents, and, having found out the excess, summoned the barman to a police court, where the magistrate decided that it was as illegal to give too much as too little.

The scales, weights, and measures of butchers, grocers, and all other provision-dealers are also examined from time to time; and the severity with which all delinquencies are punished protects the public against frauds which are common enough in this country.

Eleven o'clock in the provinces and half-past twelve in the metropolis is the hour prescribed for closing the drinking-places or public-houses ("pubs" as they are vulgarly called). While the clocks are striking, every public-house

is emptied, and a few minutes later the lights are all out. No delay is allowed; and few publicans who care about retaining their licenses venture under any circumstances to sell a glass, even to their best and most trusted customers, one minute after the specified hour.

On Sundays the public-houses are opened only between one and three o'clock in the afternoon, and between six and ten o'clock P.M. in the provinces, and six and eleven in London. In the intervals they are positively and without exception closed.

Out of the city and at the railway-stations, however, there is a loophole to the law, through which the toper can obtain his "nip." He can walk a certain distance from his home, and demand refreshment as a "traveller." All the little taverns on the borders of London do a large Sunday business with "travellers." They are closed to persons living in the immediate neighborhood,

who are cautioned against attempting to enter them ; but persons coming from a distance are entitled to use them. A man is posted at the door who questions each comer.

“ A traveller, sir ? ” he inquires.

And if the answer is only vaguely affirmative, if it is only a nod or a movement of the lips, the applicant for admission is allowed to pass.

At Kew, Hampstead Heath, and other popular resorts, on Sundays there are so many travellers that one gets the idea of being at a geographical congress ; and the delegates are so thirsty that they might all be from the Libyan Desert or El Llano Estacado. A *bona fide* traveller has been judicially defined as a person who has not slept on the previous night within three miles of the place at which he applies for refreshment. A constitutional walk thus makes a traveller of one man who may never have been beyond the sound of Bow

Bells, while another who has crossed Africa, and is on his way from New York to Tierra del Fuego, is said to be no traveller because he slept only two miles away on the previous night. The English law in this matter is not without absurdities.

At the principal railway-stations, also, the bars are open on Sundays; and before serving a customer the attendants ask him, "Are you going by train, sir?" Of course he is going by train, otherwise he could not get his refreshment; but if, as is sometimes the case, he is asked to show his ticket, he is often unable to do so.

Great is the contrast between the police of English cities and those drafted from the political "heelers" of New York or Chicago. The former bear themselves as humble servants of the people. You may see them in a "row" with a crowd of drunken laborers on a Saturday night, or among some brawling

soldiers. Their attitude is one of Christian-like forbearance. They don't rush in and club every head within reach, but use moral suasion before they apply any other force. I have seen one of these model officers standing alone in a threatening crowd of disorderly people, and not replying to threat with threat, but patiently endeavoring to have them "move on." I have seen a *posse* of them put along the sidewalk to keep order on Lord Mayor's Day, or at some other public celebration; and I have been forced to admire their good humor as the crowd, becoming restive, has made bold attempts to break bounds, and invade the space barricaded off for the procession. The big, full-chested fellows have stood shoulder to shoulder, and held back the mass behind them as by a wall. There was no clubbing or bullying; and, continuing to hold their position against all the impatient pushing, the policemen, or "Bobbies" as

they are commonly called, have smiled triumphantly, and perhaps jokingly taunted the besiegers with their failure. Watching them, an American looker-on must have thought how different it would have been in New York, — how much aggressive ferocity there would have been, how many dazed and bleeding heads.

The club is not encouraged in England. In one of my note-books I have an extract from a London newspaper, which gives an account of a charge of assault brought by a policeman against a corner ruffian who had struck him on the nose. The policeman had afterward struck his assailant with his club, or, as the much modified and reduced weapon is called in England, his truncheon.

"This is a very serious case," said the Solon on the bench, gravely putting on his spectacles. "Using the club is wholly reprehensible, and your position should have been one of extreme forbearance."

As the unfortunate officer saw the prisoner discharged, he must have wondered when in that magistrate's eyes he would have been justified in resenting the mutilation of his person and the defacement of his countenance; and as he counted his next week's pay he might appropriately have hummed the song, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

The salary of an American policeman is from twenty to thirty dollars a week, and the salary of an English policeman is about seven. There surely cannot be any scarcity of Christian virtues in a country where fortitude and valor are purchasable at so low a price as seven dollars a week.

The House of Commons.

IF London has not the fascination of Paris, one need not love it to feel that it is the greater city in something more than area. Its vaster and more ponderous movement, and the depth and impenetrability of its life, affect one with a much more serious interest than the superficial gayety and decorative opulence of the French capital.

But there are certain points of view from which its external magnificence alone is impressive. The best of these is Westminster Bridge when Parliament is in session, especially on a fine night. The bridge is wide and crowded; and the string of lamps along the parapet projects uneasy reflections on the Thames, which flows black and silent under the

piers, coming from a valley as lovely as any in England to wind through the heart of London, then to strike out through quiet marshes and by many busy towns, like Sheerness and Gravesend, to the sea, some forty miles beyond. The lamps on the Victoria Embankment also throw a long line of golden bars on the dark water, and about a mile northward a starry string stretches across Waterloo Bridge.

Let us imagine ourselves standing in the middle of the bridge, with the traffic whirling by us and along the Embankment. Just across the way is the superb pile of the Parliament buildings, covering about eight acres. The clock-tower at the northern end contains "Big Ben," whose booming record of the hours can be distinctly heard as far away as the Whittington Stone on Highgate Hill, and whose immense face, seen from Trafalgar Square, hangs in the air like a ball of fire. The course of the river at this

point is north and south, and the Houses of Parliament front upon it. The buildings are exceedingly beautiful; and their bulk is relieved by sculpture, spires, buttresses, and the fretted masonry and gilded vanes of the Tudor-Gothic style. Jutting from them is Westminster Hall, and a little farther away are St. Margaret's Church and the Abbey.

This is the most imposing architectural cluster in the city, and at any time of the day it is a gratifying and exalting sight. There is always a good deal of motion and bustle in the neighborhood, and the traffic seems to have a special urgency and dignity. During a night-sitting of Parliament, however, the picturesqueness is increased, and we feel ourselves to be at the very heart of the far-reaching empire. The House of Commons has been called "the most ancient and most honorable assembly in the world" by a member of it who is never loath to criticise its faults; and

any Anglo-Saxon must admit some awe before the fountain-head of constitutional government which has shaped the law of his race. The pleasure which the architecture of the buildings affords is supplemented by the reminiscences they call forth of the long chain of events by which the character of the government has been formed, and the supremacy of the crown adjusted to permit the sovereignty of the people.

After dark a lantern on the highest point of the tower burns while the House is sitting; and this, as we have said, is the most favorable time to see Westminster, and to feel the charm of its associations. The palace-yard in front of Westminster Hall blazes with lamps; and vehicles enter and leave it with occupants who, from the degree of attention they receive from the spectators, may be judged to be members, and perhaps Cabinet ministers. But the spectators have no privileges; and their

curiosity is piqued rather than satisfied by a passing glimpse of some great statesman, which the helmeted policemen allow them to have before dispersing them with a constantly reiterated command to "Move on."

The public offices are guarded by the military; but the Houses of Parliament are intrusted to the police, armed with no more formidable weapons than truncheons; and these officers are picked men, who zealously keep the yard free from idlers. The bayonet and scarlet coat are prohibited, with a sensitive appreciation of their inappropriateness to the surroundings of an assembly in which antagonisms are limited to reason and debate. Outside the yard the spectators have more liberty to congregate, and there is usually a large number of them. Westminster at night is in fact one of the busiest and noisiest parts of the metropolis. There is an endless procession of cabs and omnibuses, and

above their din and rattle the chimes throw out melodious peals.

In the afternoon some of the members come down on horseback, attended by liveried grooms, or in private carriages; but most of them, especially at night, avail themselves of the democratic and always convenient shilling cab. As the evening advances, the traffic over the bridge decreases, but the palace-yard is still bustling. The lantern in the tower is often ablaze at midnight — sometimes long after the crowds have disappeared from the streets, and until the gilded tips of the Parliament buildings begin to glitter with the first rays of dawn. Beyond the glare of the lamps in the yard is the Gothic bulk of the Abbey; and the proximity of this exalted temple to the legislative halls is as an inspiration and an admonition. Here is the arena, wherein the struggles are to be endured, the honors won; here the sanctuary, the deep sleep, and the gratitude

of a nation speaking above the prejudices and jealousies of parties.

The public are admitted to view the House of Commons on Saturdays, when there is no sitting; and at other times they are admitted to the Strangers' Gallery on the order of a member or of one of the ambassadors in London. Each member has the privilege of issuing a card for two persons every day the House is in session; but the gallery holds only two hundred persons, and when the privilege is fully exercised there are about six times more applicants than seats.

The simple elector who comes from quiet country ways for a London holiday secures a pass to the House of Commons from his representative; and, fortified with it, he boldly approaches the portals, foreseeing no difficulty.

As he enters he is awed by the solemn splendor of the architecture, the long, groined corridors, the statuary, the historical paintings on the walls, and the

stained windows. The decorations are florid Gothic, the oak and masonry are lighted up by touches of gold and crimson, the floors are richly tiled. On his left he passes Westminster Hall, which dates from the time of Richard the Second, and he remembers that it was under this roof, with its span of seventy-four feet, that Charles the First was tried for treason.

Wrapped up in reverie and in admiration of the many beauties of the place, he is about to proceed, when a policeman accosts him, to whom he shows his member's order.

"Sit down there, sir," the officer tells him, pointing to a long bench between the statues, on which perhaps as many as sixty or seventy persons are already seated, all provided with members' orders, and all waiting for admission to the gallery, which is already full. He then learns how little his pass is worth. Possibly not one of those now in the gallery

will surrender his place during the whole of the sitting ; possibly half a dozen or less, not finding the proceedings interesting, or being called away by business, may come out ; and for these five or six vacancies the sixty or seventy persons on the bench are candidates. Each of them has one chance in twenty of succeeding ; and he is usually willing to wait for hours, buoyed up with the hope that good fortune will come to him.

Appreciating the compliment implied in this patience, the House took compassion on the strangers some time ago, and voted to upholster the benches, which had been uncovered and comfortless stone ; more than this, they considerably resolved that the cushions should be of exactly the same color and quality as the seats in their own chamber,—wherein was a subtle token of that sense of equality which becomes a popular legislature. If the strangers were admitted to the gallery in rotation, any one

coming and finding a score or more before him would have no chance at all ; but they are admitted by ballot, and in this way the man who presents himself at nine o'clock in the evening may obtain a seat before those who have been waiting since six or seven. The cards are taken from all comers, and put into a glass jar ; and as often as a place in the gallery becomes vacant the policeman shakes the jar and withdraws one of the cards, the person whose name it bears being entitled to enter the House forthwith. There is an amusing gleam of triumph in the eyes of those who are called, and a peculiar alacrity of movement ; while those who are relegated to hope grow dejected as the hours creep on towards midnight.

A seat having been found for him, however, the visitor to the Strangers' Gallery is bundled up a penal-looking staircase into the very incommodious quarters provided for him.

The best way into the House itself is by the members' private entrance, which is a little to the left of Westminster Hall, and which leads by the cloakroom, once the cloisters of St. Stephen's Chapel. These cloisters were built about three hundred and sixty years ago, and were restored when the new Houses of Parliament were built in 1834. The roof is superbly ornamented with "fan-tracery," lace-like masses of carved stone which expand from the wall-columns in the form of a fan. The bosses in the centre of each compartment are enriched with heraldic devices and foliage, and some of the ribs are adorned with the square-leaved "Tudor flower."

This entrance through the cloakroom is for members alone; but it seems possible for any one with some effrontery to walk in and deceive the doorkeeper, especially after a general election, when many of the six hundred and fifty-two

members are new and unknown to him. If he should challenge any one without justification, the member challenged would naturally complain of the indignity; and so the doorkeeper apparently has to trust as much to the honesty of persons presenting themselves as to his memory.

Formerly the members could be identified in a certain measure by the respectability of their dress and the air of social distinction which attached to them. They were nearly all men of fashion, and most of them men of wealth. The author of "Endymion" informs us that twenty years before the period of that story no man would have thought of coming down to the House except in evening dress. "The Minister always came down in silk stockings and pantaloons or knee-breeches." But now the doorkeeper would blunder egregiously if he attempted to discriminate between members and others by their attire. The

House of Commons is no better dressed than the Senate at Washington, and its members are not generally conspicuous for the distinction of their bearing. The cut of their clothes is often so unorthodox that it would send a shudder through Poole. The swallow-tail is seldom seen, and the soft felt hat of democracy has become familiar on the head of the British legislator. Even the tweed helmet has been made familiar by Keir Hardy. If the stranger expects to see an assembly of "swells," he will be disappointed. What he will see is not at all unlike the scenes in the lobby at Washington, except that this hall of informal discussion in the English Parliament building is much handsomer than the one used for the same purpose in the Capitol, and we miss that inevitable adjunct of American political intercourse, the spittoon.

The proceedings in the House of Commons, except in special instances, are opened at four o'clock; and at that

hour, or a few minutes before, the hum of conversation in the lobby is hushed as room is demanded in a loud voice for "Mr. Speaker." All present deferentially uncover and stand aside as two gentlemen enter dressed in court-suits of black,—black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, exquisitely frilled shirts, and gold-mounted swords in black sheaths,—one of whom bears the heavy gold mace which emblemizes the power of the sovereign, and which Cromwell contemptuously called "that bauble." Following these is Mr. Speaker himself, bewigged and begowned, with his train-bearer holding up the yard and a half of silk which trails behind him; and behind come the Speaker's chaplain and the Speaker's secretary, and a few others. The little procession enters the House from the lobby by the door opposite the one which leads from Octagon Hall; and an usher then announces that "Mr.

Speaker is at prayers," and, a few moments later, that "Mr. Speaker is in the chair."

The Speaker is the president of the House, and many privileges are conferred upon him. It is his business to protect the House from affront and to admonish refractory members; and, in case of a "tie," he has the casting vote. He receives a salary of five thousand pounds, and when relieved of his office is promoted to the peerage, with a pension of four thousand pounds a year for two lives. Most of the servants of the House are generously treated in the matter of salaries, about fifty thousand pounds a year being distributed among forty of them. The chief clerk, my friend Sir Reginald Palgrave, the eminent authority on parliamentary procedure, receives two thousand pounds a year, and the sergeant-at-arms twelve hundred; and in addition to their salaries, both the Speaker and the clerk

are provided with residences in Speaker's Court.

The public are excluded from the House while the Speaker is at prayers; but, by one of those anomalies which give a humorous flavor to some forms of English legislation, the authorities do not recognize the existence of the Ladies' Gallery, and by this pleasantry the occupants of it are permitted to witness the spiritual devotions of the Speaker. When it is announced that he is in the chair, the Strangers' Gallery and the Speaker's Gallery are opened, and we may then enter. From neither of these can a good view be obtained, and the visitor finds the interest of the proceedings and his comfort increased if he has already made himself familiar with the building itself on one of those occasions when it is open to the public.

When the florid beauties of St. Stephen's Hall and Octagon Hall, and the sumptuous decorations of the House

of Lords have been seen, the House of Commons, like the members in the lobby, is disappointing, and the insufficiency of its size is at once apparent. It is nearly square, and the walls and ceiling are panelled with carved oak of a sombre hue. The windows are bordered with stained glass, in which the motto *Dieu et mon droit* is repeated sideways and lengthwise. There is also a large plate of delicately tinted glass in the roof, through which the light falls with grateful softness. At the farther end of the hall from the entrance the Speaker sits in a canopied oak chair; and in front of him is the clerks' table, upon which rests the ponderous mace, bearing the initials C. R. and a crown. The benches upon which the members sit are placed four deep along the sides of the hall from end to end, and are upholstered in dark leather. Unlike the seats in the Senate or House of Representatives, they have no desks or tables

attached to them; and if the occupants want to write they must use their knees. The benches on the Speaker's right hand are occupied by the ministerial party, and those on the left by the Opposition. They are divided — those on the right and left — by an aisle about twelve feet wide, and are intersected midway by a traverse passage called the "gangway;" the members who sit below this, whether they are on the Conservative side of the House or the Liberal, indicating that they do not give unreserved allegiance to their party. At the end opposite to the Speaker is the bar of the House, two pillars united by a hollow brass rod; and, excepting the clerks at the table, only members are admitted within this limit. Even the sergeant-at-arms and the deputy sergeant-at-arms are excluded, and sit outside the bar; and if a letter or telegram arrives for a member, it is passed along from hand to hand until it reaches him. Many tra-

ditions are perpetuated in the House of Commons at the cost of convenience.

A narrow gallery extends on all four sides of the House. That part over the Speaker's chair is given up to the reporters, and the accommodations are so limited that one man has to do the work for a score of newspapers. Behind the reporters a space is let into the wall and screened with ornamental iron-work, the purpose of which seems to the stranger to be ventilation; but as he looks at it closer he perceives indistinct figures moving at the other side of the screen; and if he inquires what it is he will be told by any one acquainted with the House that it is the "cage," — a name appropriate in a double sense to the Ladies' Gallery, where feminine curiosity can only be gratified by the sacrifice of a good deal of personal comfort.

The side-galleries are nominally reserved for the peers, but on crowded nights many members who cannot find

room on the floor occupy them. The gallery opposite the Speaker's chair is divided into three sections; the front seats being intended for the *attachés* of the various legations in London, the seats behind these for persons entering with a Speaker's order, and the seats in the extreme rear for "strangers," or those provided with members' orders.

The ushers, who wear evening dress and large gilt badges hung round their necks, seem to feel that the dignity of the House rests on their shoulders; and they bear the responsibility with a lack of courtesy which, combined with the uncomfortable seat provided for him, is likely to put the spectator out of humor as, after coming up the narrow stairway from the lobby, he sits down in front of Mr. Speaker. The proceedings are usually so interesting in form, if not in substance, however, that he soon forgets his injuries in watching them. The rules of themselves, and the methods of

carrying them out, curiously and intricately blend simplicity and utility with a hypersensitive regard for ornamental and imaginative tradition. Macaulay speaks of the House as adhering to ancient forms with the punctilious accuracy of a college of heralds ; and this decorous perpetuation of what is practically obsolete leads to many cumbrous paradoxes.

The number of fictions with which the House deludes — or perhaps we should say amuses — itself is amazing. Not only is the Ladies' Gallery treated as having no existence, and its inmates allowed to remain in it when the House is cleared of all others, even of the members of the press, but, by another hypothesis, the visitors licensed to attend by a Speaker's or member's order are only recognized as interlopers. Formerly, when the galleries were full, any member could have them emptied by calling the Speaker's attention to the very obvious fact that "strangers were in the

House ;" this notification being always followed by a request on the part of the Speaker that the strangers would withdraw. When a member now wishes for privacy, and calls attention to the strangers, the question is put to the House as to whether there are or are not strangers present, and gravely negatived, though all the galleries may be crammed at the time. By another fiction the sovereign is supposed to be present while the mace is on the table, but not present when the mace is hung up near the seat of the sergeant-at-arms, as it is when the House is in committee of the whole.

Another fanciful observance is the introduction of all members to the Speaker at the opening of a new Parliament, including those who have merely been re-elected, and who perhaps have been members for a score or more continuous years. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and Sir William Harcourt, like the rest, are each taken up to him

between two members and formally introduced, the Speaker shaking hands and murmuring a few words of courteous greeting. The custom of searching the cellars of the House for gunpowder, instituted after the Guy Fawkes conspiracy, is observed in the first week of every January.

An obstructive or disorderly member is disposed of by the Speaker's "naming him." This measure is resorted to only in extreme instances, and after the Speaker's admonitions have been wilfully disregarded.

"Mr. Wordy," says Mr. Speaker, if that happens to be the member's name, "I name you as having disregarded the authority of the chair."

Forthwith one of the ministers declares, "I now have to move, according to the standing orders of the House, that Mr. Wordy be suspended from the service of the House during the remainder of the sitting."

The question is put to the House; and if concurred in, the Speaker urbanely requests Mr. Wordy to withdraw, and he is escorted to the bar of the House by that polite gentleman in knee-breeches whom we have seen carrying the mace, — the sergeant-at-arms.

These are but a few disconnected examples (which come to mind at random) of the fidelity of the House to usages which are sometimes remarkable for their simplicity, and sometimes as antiques ceremonious and hypothetical as the etiquette of a Spanish court. The contradictions and the anachronisms relate only to minor affairs, however, and scarcely embarrass the business of the House; while from a stranger's point of view they increase the interest of the proceedings. Despite their existence, the constitution of the House is flexible, generous, and intelligent. Like an old tree, it has proved the soundness of its roots by the vigor with which it has

received and nourished the many new branches grafted upon it.

I remember seeing in the Peers' Gallery one evening, several years ago, a certain elderly gentleman, whose presence there must have been as full of suggestiveness to him as it was to the other persons in the House who recognized him, for he himself had been a leader in the proceedings of which he was now a spectator. Any one observing him without looking at his face might have taken him for some old beau, from the fastidiousness of his dress and manner, the lavender kid gloves which he wore, and the scant dark locks parted and drawn into ringlets with Philistine care and macassar. But to look into Lord Beaconsfield's face was to doubt that he could ever have been handsome, — the Adonis of the drawing-rooms of sixty years ago, as some chroniclers have given us to understand. His face, indeed, had many of the least pleasant

features of the Israelitish type, and was not improved by a tuft of beard worn close under the chin. It was sagacious, but unsympathetic and coldly cynical. Yet none of the spectators seemed more interested in the proceedings on the evening referred to than this political wizard, who, with little genuine affection for the people, but much cleverness in playing on their foibles, comprehended the power and aspirations of the House of Commons, and became the most discreet guide the House of Lords could have had in its somewhat delicate relations with the popular chamber.

His lordship has given us many vivid glimpses of parliamentary life in "Endymion." Says the old member, speaking privately to the hero in the House, " ' It is very different from what it was when I was your age. Up to Easter we rarely had a regular debate — never a party division; very few people came up, indeed. But there was a good deal of

speaking on all subjects before dinner. We had the privilege of speaking then on the presentation of petitions at any length, and we seldom spoke on any other occasion. After Easter there was always at least one great party fight. This was a mighty affair, talked of for weeks before it came off. . . . We were gentlemen used to sit up late, and should have been sitting up somewhere else had we not been in the House of Commons. After this party fight the House, for the rest of the session, was a mere club.' — 'There was not much business doing then,' said Endymion. 'There was not much business in the country then. The House of Commons was very much like what the House of Lords is now. You went home to dine, and now and then came back for an important division. . . . All things change; and quoting Virgil, as that young gentleman has just done, will be the next thing to disappear. In the last Parliament we often had Latin

quotations, but never from a member with a new constituency. I have heard Greek quoted here, but that was a great mistake : the House was quite alarmed. Charles Fox used to say, as to quotation, "No Greek ; as much Latin as you like, and never French under any circumstances ; no English poet unless he has completed his century." These were, like some other good rules, the unwritten orders of the House of Commons.' "

The ministers sit on the front bench above the gangway, at the Speaker's right hand ; and the faces of most of them are familiar even to a stranger. On the occasion when I saw Lord Beaconsfield in the gallery, there was no mistaking the gentleman who sat in the middle of them,—the possessor of a sad, white, intellectual face, almost ascetic in its pallor, with white side-whiskers, and thin white hair falling from a broad projecting forehead as pale and as smooth as marble. His dress was a suit of dark

tweed, with a simple morning coat, a high white collar, and an old-fashioned black silk stock. He sat with arms folded and his eyes fixed abstractedly before him, as if paying little heed to what was taking place, until a word uttered in some part of the House seemed to startle him, and he came to his feet with a response which showed that not the veriest trifle said had escaped him, and that his mind had been analyzing and reasoning while receiving. If he had not been recognized by his face, Mr. Gladstone would have established his identity when his voice was heard, — exquisitely modulated, never loud, and yet audible in the farthest corners of the House, — speaking with the measured and balanced completeness of phrase which belongs to literature.

Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, sat next to him on one side; and on the other was Mr. Forster, the Secretary for Ireland, who that session was scarcely less interesting than the Prime Minister himself.

Mr. Forster's customary attitude was singularly expressive of the difficulties which hedged him in. He had a rugged physique and an appearance of brusqueness, though his heavily bearded face was attractive. He sat with folded knees and arms, with his chin resting on his breast, and his eyes directed at the floor of the House: this was a posture which he seldom changed. He looked fagged out, dejected, perplexed, — a man in a dilemma from which he had so often unsuccessfully endeavored to extricate himself that despair had fallen upon him. The lugubriousness was almost comical. Mr. Forster's hair and beard were all awry; his mental distress was reflected in the anarchy of his toilet. But his dejection was not to be wondered at. He was, as Secretary of State for Ireland, the most abused man in Parliament. A sincere friend of the country which he represented in the Cabinet, the Irish party, which had

forced the government into coercion, criticised and denounced him with a bitterness which exceeded the limits of decency. Under this fire Mr. Forster sat patiently as we have described him, only now and then raising his eyes to stare at some speaker who cast another and heavier stone at him.

There is a portrait of John Bright in the New York Chamber of Commerce which was shown to a visitor one day with the remark, "Of course you know who *that* is?"—"Oh, yes," he replied confidently; "that's John Bull."

Mr. Bright, a member of the same Cabinet, was still the ideal of a prosperous English merchant in the prime of life,—placid, content, practical, and robust. His face, with its youthful complexion, beamed with mature contentment, and the conviction of security which reflects a mind little inclined to hesitating misgivings. His manner conveyed the impression of one who, if tak-

ing things seriously, took them easily and deliberately. The short, sturdy figure was not in the least bent or stiffened by its seventy years ; it was carried erect and with graceful suppleness. Though quite white, the wavy hair, the side-whiskers, and the fringe of beard underneath the chin, were abundant and carefully arranged. This primness and blandness of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was all the more striking in contrast with the distraught appearance of Mr. Forster who sat near him.

The etiquette of the House permits the members to wear their hats, except when passing or addressing Mr. Speaker ; and this is a privilege of which nearly all avail themselves. They also study comfort more than appearances in the attitudes which they choose. They do not actually lie down, or project their legs over the seats in front of them ; but they sit edgeways, stretched out in a

sort of zigzag, with feet thrust under the benches, and bodies steeply inclined in another direction, with their thumbs in their arm-holes or hands dived into the uttermost depths of their trousers pockets. Though one member always refers to another as "the honorable or right honorable member," they are not invariably civil beyond this point.

Not many of them can speak well or without a boyish hesitancy and embarrassment, but they are severe critics, and vent their disapprobation with juvenile boisterousness. Sometimes the boisterousness would become the Stock Exchange more than a legislature. When, at the opening of Parliament, they are summoned to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's speech, precedence, after the Speaker and the ministry, is nominally decided by ballot, as in the case of "notices of motion." The Speaker heads the procession, with the mace, his chaplain, and the train-bearer,

followed by the ministry, and the members in succession as the clerk of the House calls out their names. All is dignified until the Speaker disappears. The clerk then continues to call out the names; but no heed is paid to him, and the ballot is superseded by a physical struggle among the members for leading places. This, says one who has witnessed the proceeding, is vainly resisted by honorable and right honorable members, who, standing shoulder to shoulder, essay to guard the sacred person of the Speaker from physical outrage. At best, the Speaker invariably presents the appearance of being projected into the House of Lords as it were from a catapult, while behind, with a great noise, sweep in "the gentlemen of the House of Commons."

The business of the House is far more varied and urgent than it was before the Reform Bill and the extension of the franchise. At four o'clock most of the

members are in their places ; and at this hour the Speaker cries, "Order ! order ! Notices of motion." This means that members having motions to make must now give notice of them, and the choice of the day on which they may be made to the House is decided by ballot. The members write their names in a book with numbered lines, and tickets bearing duplicate numbers are folded up and thrown into a box on the table. The book is held by the Speaker ; and the clerk dips his hand into the box, and withdraws the tickets one by one, calling the numbers on them as he does so. The member whose name is opposite the first number called has the first choice of the days on which he can make his motion within a month ; the member whose name is opposite the second number called has the second choice ; and so on until the box is exhausted. This part of the business done, "question-time" follows ; and the ministers are then

in their places to answer interrogatories of which notice has been previously given.

The House is usually full at "question-time," and the inquiries made cover a wide range of topics. One honorable member asks if it is true that a lady of the Sultan's harem, who sought refuge in the British embassy and was given up, has been strangled as an accomplice in a palace conspiracy. The Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs assures him that such is not the case — that the lady is well and happy, and about to be married. Another honorable member inquires if it is true that a statue of the builder is to be put up in a new public building. The Financial Secretary informs him that what was intended for a likeness of the architect has been carved on a gargoyle; that the architect, however, does not recognize the likeness, but that, as another gargoyle remains to be carved, it might be well to memo-

rialize the builder also. Another honorable member desires to know if it is true that the Home Secretary has received a cable despatch from a released dynamiter in New York threatening him with extinction, and whether he has made any representations to the United States Government on the subject. The Home Secretary, who is quite blithe, though plethoric of habit, replies that he has received a menacing telegram, but that as long as the sender keeps beyond the dominions of the Queen it is not worth while troubling about him. As to making representations to the United States Government, he will not do that, as the United States would probably have most ground of complaint.

When all the questions have been made and answered, the House settles down to the evening's debate; and, as we have said, it does not adjourn until one or two o'clock in the morning. On one memorable occasion it was in session

for forty-one consecutive hours. There are at least seven stages at which debates on every bill introduced can be raised. First, leave to introduce a bill has to be applied for, and then it has to be read a first time. Next comes the second reading, which is followed by the motion for going into committee. Next comes the committee of the whole House, in which the bill is debated clause by clause, while each member may move an unlimited number of amendments, and speak on every amendment any number of times; and when the committee has finished, the bill has to be brought up in the report, and again there is unlimited opportunity for debate. Finally come the third reading and the vote; and even now it may be sent back for amendment, or rejected altogether. Relief in emergency can be found, however, through the closure, by which, when a motion is made, after due notice that the state of public business is urgent, the Speaker

may put the question forthwith, without allowing debate, amendment, or adjournment, provided that a majority of at least three to one vote in favor of the motion.

The impatience of the House is expressed in a murmuring cry of "Divide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide, 'vide," which is repeated faster and faster as a prolix member occupies the time, until it sounds like the hum of a hive of angry bees. The division is the method of voting; and, when it is ordered, a sand-glass on the clerks' table is turned, and an electric bell set tinkling all over the House, the lobby, and the retiring-rooms. The sand-glass takes two minutes to run out, giving all members who are absent time to come in. The House is enclosed by two corridors, known as the "division lobbies;" and the members voting "Ay" go into the lobby on the right, while those voting "No" go into the lobby on the left. At the far end of each lobby is a

wicket, and as they pass through their names are "ticked" off from a full list by two clerks. They are also counted as they pass by two tellers, one belonging to the Government, and the other to the Opposition. The figures from both sides are reported to the clerk at the table, who writes them down on a piece of paper, which he hands to the teller of the victorious side, and the latter reads them out to the House.

There is a social side to the House which ameliorates some of the hardships, the toil, the discipline, and the irregular hours which the members have to endure. They have not only magnificent writing-rooms, reading-rooms, and dining-rooms for themselves, but other dining-rooms into which they can invite their friends.

And then there is "The Terrace," which is as distinctive a feature of the London season as "The Row" itself. "The Terrace" stretches along the

river side of the building; and the Thames, with its many-colored, russet-sailed barges, gurgles along its balustrade. Westminster Bridge springs lightly from Middlesex to Surrey, and just across the way the pavilions of St. Thomas's Hospital are ranged like a row of red books lying open. The gray building up stream is Lambeth Palace; and the machiolated tower is the Lollards' Tower, from which the martyrs were, after torture, dropped into the river. Many whispers of English history are heard above the murmur of the river.

Little tables are set out on the terrace; and hither the members come to afternoon tea, bringing with them their friends, an astounding number of whom are fine ladies dressed in the latest fashion. And the weather being fine, I cannot recall a scene more distinctive than this, with its babble of voices and its kaleidoscope of feminine gowns

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and bonnets moving and blending, while the deep voice of "Big Ben" booms out the hours as from a cavern, and the sun bursting out of Alpine ranges of clouds lacquers the old river, and spikes the hundred peaks and pinnacles of the Parliament House with metallic radiance, after spreading a conflagration over the diamond-paned windows and *Dieu et mon droit.*

Old and New on the Atlantic.

IN a quarter of a century there have been as many changes for the crew as for the passengers. In the old days, when the only lines on the North Atlantic were the Inman and the Cunard, there was no electric telegraph either between the bridge and the engine-room, or between the bridge and the wheel-house. The bridge itself in those days was but a narrow foothold, three planks wide from paddlebox to paddlebox, or in screw ships it was a similar structure raised slightly above the deckhouses. The orders for the engineer were rung upon a common wired bell, or gurgled down a speaking-tube; and those for the men at the helm were passed along the

deck by word of mouth, from officer to officer, until they reached the wheel-house far aft, where two, and sometimes four, quartermasters stood grasping the spokes of the brass-bound teak-wood wheel.

Gruff and awesome were the vocal efforts to transmit any word in a strong gale. Only the lungs of a sailor could have bellowed loud enough.

"Hard a-port!" cried the captain on the bridge; the wind caught the syllables and dislocated them, and tried to drown them in the rattle of the spray and the whistling in the rigging; one officer standing abaft the funnel picked up the fragments and passed them to another officer, who in turn reverberated them until they reached the helmsmen.

"Hard a-port it is!" cried the latter as the wheel spun round; and then it was necessary to repeat the words back to the captain, or to the officer of the

watch, to reassure him that the order had been received and obeyed.

It was a strong voice that made itself heard in the strife of wind and sea against the ship ; the steam escaped out of the pipes in gusts like a fog-horn ; the shrouds had more strings for the wind to play on than a harp ; a sea once scooped up remained on board, swashing between the poop and the high bulwarks. Indeed, there is a legend of a gale so strong that when one of the officers opened his mouth to cry " Hard a-port ! " he was unable to shut it until the ship's surgeon came to his relief.

The bridge of a modern steamer, like that of the St. Louis, is a solid superstructure nearly seventy feet above the keel-plates, with electric communication with every part of the ship, aft and forward, as well as down to the engine-room. The helmsman is there with the officers of the watch, and, with a tiller

or a wheel not more than a sixth of the diameter of those that were used in a ship of three thousand tons, steers the big vessel of more than ten thousand tons without more effort than the ladies' cabin-boy could make — or even the barber. The spray that turns the black, red, or cream-colored funnel into a white one rattles on the oilskin coats and sou'westers of those who are up there; but "a sea" seldom, if ever, reaches them, and as for the bridge being carried away, as it often was in the days of the old Cunarder *Canada* and her precursors, that is well-nigh an impossibility.

Then the duties of the officers along the deck brought them into contact with the cabin passengers, and there was a pleasant familiarity between them. If an unlucky fellow had been frozen to the deck in a blizzard from the west as the ship approached the American coast in winter, there were smiles to thaw him; and at all times his duties were cheered

by the friendship of the passengers. Now the only navigating officer who is ever seen among the passengers is the chief officer, who occupies a position relative to that of the executive officer of a warship, and who no longer stands a watch. The others pass silently and unknown between the bridge and their quarters, with faces of humility and a taciturn manner, enforced by the company's rules. The old savage of a "bosun," with the rumbling voice and the eerie whistle, fades from the picture, and a master-at-arms has sprung into existence, a sort of roundsman of the decks, whose business it is to see that everything is ship-shape and in apple-pie order.

Things have changed among the engineers and stewards too. The galley used to be amidships on the main deck, and everything cooked in it had to be carried in the open air to the saloon aft. The flavor of the food was not

improved by this ill-considered manner of serving it. In fair weather, and at the best, the dishes were cooled in transit; and in foul weather only portions of them ever reached the pantry safely. The steward who carried them was exposed to all the mischief of the gale; and you would sometimes see him knee-deep in the swash, clinging manfully to the joint, and doing his best to protect it from the flying spray. Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes he was flung with his load into the scuppers, — napkin, pewter cover, and all.

If they did not get much, the passengers were not disappointed, because they were reconciled to not expecting much. There were saloon stewards, bedroom stewards, and a stewardess. There was no smoking-room steward, because there was no smoking-room. Passengers who smoked had to do so either on deck, or in a space over a hatchway, known as the "fiddles." There were no bell-boys,

because there were no bells. The only way to call a steward was to bawl for him along the dark passages below the main-deck, where most of the passengers were berthed. Electricians, barbers, printers, as well as bell-boys, are recruits to the ship's company who have found employment only in recent years.

The entire crew numbered scarcely more than one hundred in the most popular ships, and sailors preponderated. Engineers and firemen were fewer than those who navigated and sailed the ship; for the engine was thought of as but an auxiliary to the sails that were spread and trimmed to catch every variation of the wind. The stewards were fewer still; for there were not many passengers to wait on, and those were bullied into a belief that their presence during the amazingly difficult feat of navigating a tea-kettle across the Atlantic was due in no small measure to the con-

descension of the captain and the clerks in the Liverpool office.

“A floating hotel!” Had the captain heard a whisper of such a thing he would have been speechless at the hint of such a humiliating comparison. From the fo’c’sle to the “glory-hole” there was no room for a landsman on board, unless he held a ticket; and even the stewards, down to the cherubic ladies’ cabin-boy, were sea-dogs. A ship was a ship, with nothing of the hotel about it, the captain would have you know; and by the time you were half-way over you were ready to admit it.

But now the “floating hotel” is the ideal to which all hands are expected to conform, and the passenger who was so slighted is the main consideration of all endeavor. Not his comfort and safety merely, but his very whims, are studied. To him, and to his transportation from continent to continent, all things are subordinated, except the sea and the

wind, which still assert their majesty, and proclaim all human beings vassals.

Instead of one hundred, the modern transatlantic liner of the highest class has a crew of over four hundred; but the sailors are not predominant. With the supremacy of steam and the abandonment of sails they have shrunk into a minority; and, excepting in the quarter-masters, there is no call, or very little call, for the qualities of seamanship among them. They are drudges along the deck,—sweepers, painters, handlers of the cargo,—though they are still rated as A B's, and still, on an emergency, can man a boat or work aloft. They are nearly three times outnumbered by the stewards, and nearly four times by the engineers and firemen. In fact, the ship is no more a ship in the old sense, but a great marine projectile. When you see her rising over the horizon, it is not like a bird with a widespread wing flashing in the light, but like a

volcano; and with her slender poles almost invisible, dark, heavy, formidable, warlike, she overhauls everything on her course, and vanishes ahead in the brown spoutings of her three funnels.

In the engineers' department alone there are two hundred men. Formerly there was a chief, with five assistants, besides firemen and trimmers. Now there is a chief who has under him eighteen assistant engineers. There are three electricians, two hydraulic engineers, two refrigerator engineers, seven water-tenders, three storekeepers, and one engineers' clerk; in all, thirty-eight who may be ranked as officers or petty officers. There are sixty-five firemen, sixty-six trimmers, and thirty-two greasers. The engines burn from three to five hundred tons of coal in every twenty-four hours, and if they could burn more it would be gladly supplied for the sake of an extra knot or two in the day's run.

The passenger above passes from promenade deck to saloon deck, from saloon deck to upper deck, and upper deck to lower deck, — all now in chief part reserved for those who carry saloon tickets, — and sees nothing but fresh white paint, carpets and hangings of warm colors; not only the essentials of comfort, but the prodigalities of luxury too. He may go up and down the height and length of four decks, and see the studious regard for his sovereignty which competition has imposed on steamship managers. The vibration of the engines, the columns of smoke uprising from the funnels, the frothy wake, are reminders of the prime motor that is propelling the ship; and if he is observant he may have further intimations of what is below and out of sight, through the appearance at the end of each watch of gangs of greasy, sweating men, naked about the throat and chest, whose pallor is made more evident by

the smoke and coal-dust clinging to them.

But the combustion that is ever going on in the bowels of the ship, except when she is at anchor or in port, the constant human effort in darkness and in airless spaces, unreachd by spray or wind, to make her go a little faster, the gray flash of knees, arms, and shoulders of steel, the blinding glare of the furnaces, spitting out their sparks when their mouths are opened to be fed again, — these are features of the mechanism which are unobtrusive throughout the voyage, whatever the weather may be. They are active on the radiant summer's day, when the sun is focussed out of a shadeless sky on the white sands and dwarf cedars of Sandy Hook, and no less active on the still moonlight nights when all the passengers are rejoicing in deliverance from "the hot spell" of August.

There is not a moment when every section of the engines is not under the

supervision of the engineers of the watch, not a moment when a hand is not ready in case of need to arrest the eighteen or twenty thousand horse-power of the engines. One could wish some physicians of the human body to be as watchful of the varying condition of their patients as the engineers are of all the symptoms of this giant that is intrusted to them.

And while the engineers are feeling the pulse and listening to the breathing of the giant, alert to every irregularity in the complicated mechanism, the firemen, on a lower level, are feeding the fires which keep the Titan alive. Not a moment is there when the doors of the furnaces are not being opened and shut as fresh supplies are tossed into them by the streaming, half-naked firemen, who in the showers of sparks and flash of light lose all human likeness. The temperature may be at a point where the workers cannot be asked to stand the full

watch, where it is necessary to relieve them frequently for a breath of fresh air. They are pitiable objects as they crawl up the iron ladders out of the hot night which is perpetual in the stoke-hole. Sometimes the heat reaches a hundred and forty degrees, and any one unused to it would be prostrated by a moment's exposure to it. But if, when they get on deck, a rival steamer should be in sight, and gaining on them, or even keeping up with them, down they go again without asking, to renew their toil, to rake the fires, to "chuck" in more coal, to coax the giant to do a little better, and leave the rival astern. The managing director, the chief engineer, even the captain himself, is not more eager to "break a record" than these poor devils — the only name for them — whose pay is five pounds a month.

The wages of the crew of a transatlantic liner are very small in the eyes of an American; but it must be remembered

that money goes much farther in Liverpool or Southampton than it would in New York. Until a few years ago the fireman were paid less than five pounds a month. Now they receive that amount, while the trimmers are paid four pounds fifteen shillings, their work being to pass the coal from the bunkers to the furnaces. The sailors are paid four pounds ten shillings a month, unless they rank as quartermasters or lookout men, in which case they receive an additional ten shillings a month.

The poorest pay of all is that of the stewards, who receive but three pounds ten shillings a month, and on that are expected to appear at table in clean linen, neat navy-blue trousers and jackets, and white cotton gloves. They have to depend on "tips" from the passengers, which are an uncertain source of income. When a rapid passage has been made, and the passengers are excited and elated, the half-sovereigns, and even

sovereigns, slip easily into the steward's pockets; but if there is any dissatisfaction it reacts on him, and he is invariably a misanthrope. Why not? He has been the victim of too many reversals of the proverb, "Everything comes to him who waits," to have the stability of temperament which finds philosophic repose easy.

Then the passengers are perverse, and always upsetting the steward's calculations.

"It's like this, sir. There's some as does and some as doesn't. And them as does is them you wouldn't think would. Last voyage there was a gentleman at my table, and prop'ly rich he was, too, so I've 'eard — him, and his wife and six children. No end of trouble they was, and he very harsh-like in speaking, and nothink quite good enough for him, and the children reg'lar nuisances, coming from their table to carry off the fruit and the sweets from the saloon. But he

did keep me busy! At the end of the voyage says he to me, 'You've been very kind and attentive, William, and I want to make you a small present.' — 'Thank you, sir,' says I. And with that he gives me a shillin'! You could have knocked me down with a feather!"

And then there are the cooks, all in white, as in the kitchen of a great hotel, with a *chef* who has a French name and a large salary; seventeen of them, besides three butchers and five bakers.

In the old days, it has been said, the galley was "forrard" of amidships; and everything cooked in it for the saloon had to be carried along the open deck to the pantry, which was far aft. There was a strange, superstitious obstinacy in disregarding the natural relation of things in planning the old ships. Now the galley is in the only place which common-sense could suggest for it, — immediately under one of the two pantries, in which the food is carved and

served, the dishes being sent from one level to the other in hydraulic elevators. It is a large kitchen, with every appliance that may be found in the kitchen of Delmonico's. Low in the depths of the ship as it is, the system of ventilation is so nearly perfect, and its isolation so complete, that never a passenger uninformed of it would suspect its location.

Here, working in the light of electric lamps, which illuminate all parts of the ship, — engine-room, stoke-hole, and fo'c'sle, — the cooks are astir by four o'clock in the morning; and they are not done until the last Welsh rarebit or devilled kidney has been whipped up in the dumb-waiter at ten o'clock at night. In between come breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner for it may be six hundred cabin passengers, who have to be served in relays. Breakfast is "on," as they say, from eight o'clock till ten; the first luncheon from noon till one; the second luncheon from one till two; tea at

four; the first dinner from five o'clock till half-past six; and the second dinner from half-past six till eight. The dinner is not the simple matter of a soup, a fish, a joint, and a bit of pastry that it was. There are mysterious *entrées*, garnished with the names of princes and ambassadors and field-m Marshals; all sorts of kickshaws, such, perhaps, as those that debilitated the French at Cressy, all set forth in Anglo-French on a printed menu, with the English and American colors amicably lashed together at the top.

The weather makes no difference. When the wind is barricading the course of the ship, and building up solid walls to keep her back, and she thunders through them like a battering-ram; when there is not a corner of the deck into which the spray does not find its way,—here still are your *blanquettes de poulet* and *champignons*, your *cailles sur canapes* and what-nots, just as if the floor of the

kitchen had not been making an irregular precipice of itself all day long, and jolting pots and pans out of the deep grooves in which they are fitted to the range, sliding them and their sauces over the floor with almost as much destructiveness as Victor Hugo's cannon in "Ninety-three." Did we say that the weather makes no difference? It does not with the dinner, but with the cooks it does. Their work is not done without scorchings, scaldings, and burnings,—sometimes very serious ones,—and they pass to the hospital unseen by the passengers, and unremembered; though when a sailor man is cut or bruised the accident quickly becomes known, and a purse is subscribed without delay.

The stewards' department in such a ship as the *St. Louis*—that is to say, in a steamship of the very highest class—includes nearly one hundred and sixty men. Under the chief steward, who, like Mr. Thompson, must be a man of

the widest experience in his way, possessed of great executive ability, there are two second stewards, four storekeepers, seven stewardesses, seven bell-boys, and nearly sixty waiters and chamberlains, or, as they are called, saloon stewards and bedroom stewards, the former attending to the tables and the latter to the staterooms. There are two interpreters, one linen-keeper, one barber, and one printer, who not only prints the daily *menu*, but publishes, when weather permits, a little newspaper for circulation among the passengers.

The nationality of the crew is mixed. The firemen and stokers are nearly all Irish; the seamen are English and Irish, with an increasing number of Scandinavians creeping in among them; the stewards are chiefly English; and the engineers have gathered from all parts of Scotland through the nursery of the marine engine, the Clyde, on whose muddy banks nearly all the Liverpool

liners, many of the Hamburg and Bremen liners, most of the Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam liners, and a few of the French liners, have been built.

The navigating officers are generally English, and that reminds us to qualify a previous statement. They are paid less than any others in the ship's company, taking into consideration the character of their abilities and services. All of them are capable of navigating the ship, and most of them hold masters' certificates. Generally they are men of education and good birth, and will in time rise to command. They have no perquisites, and are, of course, above "tips." In the older ships they could let their rooms to passengers when there were more passengers than cabins, finding temporary bunks for themselves in the wheelhouse or in the hospital, and making five or ten pounds through the sacrifice. Now their rooms are in a quarter of the ship where a passenger

would not care to be, bonus or no bonus. A survey of all the professions will not discover one — not even beggarly literature — in which the wages are so small in proportion to the mental, moral, and physical qualifications exacted as the wages of the navigating officers of the transatlantic liners.

All the ship's company, from the captain down to the cabin-boys, are paid by the month. They "sign articles" for the round trip, and all are nominally discharged when the ship returns to port. The "articles" are the covenant between the owners, the captain and the crew, binding them respectively as to services, wages, and rations. Everybody must sign them in presence of an officer of the Board of Trade. The captain may have been in the service of one company all his lifetime; but he, too, must put his signature at the head of the list, which begins with the navigating officers, and runs down through the

Macgregors, the Mackenzies, the Rosses, and the Campbells of the engineers' department, through the Atkinses, the Wilkinsons, and the Tompkinses of the stewards' department, to the O'Briens, the O'Callaghans, the Duffys, and the Finegans of the stoke-hole. Every time the ship returns to her home port all the crew are discharged, and to each is given a certificate of the fact. The captain takes his as the rest do; and that gallant veteran who commands the *Paris*, and who has crossed the ocean over eight hundred times, Frederick Watkins, must have been dismissed ten times a year for forty years from the service which he honors. White Star captains, Cunard captains, Anchor Line captains, — all have to endure the same apparent ignominy within a day or two of their safe arrival home. But it does not call for much fortitude, nor lead to retirement. The discharge is only nominal, a compliance with the decrees of the

Board of Trade ; and on the day that it occurs, or the next day, the same crew is "shipped" again, and the "articles," "in pursuance of 17 & 18 Vict. c. 104," are signed in the big, round hand of the bell-boys, and in all the hands that may be imagined between the skipper's and Paddy Maguire's "his mark." Indeed, the ship's company changes little from month to month and year to year ; and when a popular vessel is "laid up," her old hands, who meanwhile may have been employed in other ships, come back to her as soon as she is ready for sea again.

If the navigating officers are the worst paid, they have, however, the solace of a great expectation, a splendid possibility ; they all may in time be captains. The fourth officer, who draws little more than a steward, is in the direct line of promotion to the supreme position on board the ship. If he has not made any mistake as to his vocation ; if he is

diligent, astute, patient under rebuke, adjusted, like a watch, to extremes of heat and cold, waterproof and wind-proof; if his judgment never fails him, and he never allows a blind passenger to walk over the gang-plank into the water, nor a rotten hawser to break when the ship is being warped into dock; if he always understands every order the skipper whispers to him in a gale of wind, and is quite meek when his seniors snub him; if in fog and ice, and entering or leaving port, he avoids all kinds of errors; if he lives long enough, and pleases all his superiors ashore and afloat, he may some day find himself wearing three chevrons of gold lace on his sleeves, and sitting in a beautiful cabin, much more comfortable than any other cabin on board the ship, with portable electric lights, and a servant of his own, provided by the company, to wait on him. Then he will have a comfortable, though far from

magnificent, salary, and all the glory of commanding the ship.

Too sad to think of! The glory will not glitter as he thought it would, and manifold new cares will weigh upon him. He is now responsible not for alternate watches, but for all watches; for passengers, crew, and ship; and must not only navigate the ship, but see that, above and below, nothing loses efficiency. So long as a fog lasts he must be on the bridge, and that may be for forty-eight hours or longer at a stretch. If the engines are not doing their work to perfection, there is a reflection on the captain when his vessel arrives behind time. If a staysail is ripped up into shreds in a hurricane, if one of the steerage stewards is reported to have kissed a girl from Mullingar, if a crotchety old gentleman thinks the ship is full of rats, if a skylarking sailor man lets his paint-pot spill on the fringe of a lady's "circular," if the grouse at dinner are "high,"

if the pilot does not know his business and thinks there are twenty-eight feet when there are only twenty-seven, if a mail-bag is lost, if a subordinate has been uncivil to a passenger — whatever may happen, it is the captain who has to account for it.

There are captains and commodore-captains. When the senior chief officer of a line is appointed to a command he is usually assigned to the smallest, oldest, or slowest ship in the service; and he passes from ship to ship, until the newest and fastest becomes his. The increase of size, and the increase of speed, as each new addition is made to the fleet, add to his responsibilities; but when he sweeps from the northward, and makes Fire Island, knowing that what his ship has done draws two continents nearer, and shrivelled up a league or two of sea — well, perhaps you could induce him to confess that after all a sailor's life is not quite a dog's life.

As I have said, one sees little of the navigating officers in the new ships ; but now and then the captain descends from the bridge to chat with the passengers. As like as not he is a humorist of portly mien, who has seen service in many seas, and has passed through peril and privation with an unruffled geniality of temper. Marvellous are the yarns he spins, and rollicking is the spirit of his narrations. He has incredible cures for seasickness, and with diplomatic impartiality he bestows amazing compliments upon the ladies.

Has the steward been inattentive ? Instantly the culprit blanches as the captain calls him up. Has there been a dispute as to the course of the Gulf Stream, the new moon, the age of the ship, the distance to Roche's Point, the prospects of the weather ? The captain's word is a law beyond which there is no attempt at appeal. Has somebody been bitten by a flea in the night ? What

has the captain got to say to that? He listens very good-naturedly to many frivolous complaints and silly questions, with his hands deep in his coat pockets, and a merry twinkle in his eye. Then one of the junior officers respectfully approaches him, and he returns to the bridge.

The men on watch in the foretop have reported something in sight, and the news is no sooner whispered than a score of conflicting rumors clash in the air. There is as much excitement as when the stout Cortez with all his men discovered the Pacific from Darien.

"It is the Etruria!" — "No, the Etruria is in Liverpool." — "It is the New York!" — No, it is not that ship, either. It is a bark, a schooner, a French steamer, a fishing-boat.

What is it, really? For a quarter of an hour the sharpest eyes are not able to make it out distinctly, even with the aid of field and marine glasses; and

meanwhile contradictions are rife, and superior intelligence, noisily assertive, is ignominiously discomfited and silenced.

Take up a fine crystal goblet, in the rim of which a careless servant has left an almost invisible flaw, and as you hold it at arm's length in the sunlight the notch will show like a speck of white, a bead hung on the edge. That is the appearance of this object, — a speck on the horizon whiter than any sail, unfeathered by the trail of smoke which lies behind a steamer. It scarcely moves; but we rapidly draw upon it, and the word is then confirmed with authority from the bridge that it is an iceberg.

The ship is thrilled with excitement from the fo'c'sle down to the engine-room. The cook in his white cap and apron, the apple-faced cabin-boy, the stokers who are not below, the stewards in their jackets, the passengers with telescopes and opera-glasses, crowd along

the rail, and watch the glittering mass as we bear down toward it.

The interest increases as we find out its size—it is fully half a mile long, an island of ice and snow, with perpendicular cliffs. A curious thing is that along the edge one can imagine buildings with colonnades, domes, and towers, like the fantastic architecture of the sandstone clays in the Far West—like it in form, but frozen and glacial in substance, milky-white and pale-green in color, as though composed of emerald and opal, layer upon layer.

In a few minutes we are abreast of it; and very soon it is the bead on the goblet again, drifting, creeping, swinging slowly southward, dissolving continually in the warming current, but menacing navigation so long as it exists. As it vanishes the thought lingers of the potential mischief which, in fog and darkness, goes with it for all ships that cross its track.

The region of ice is also the region of fogs. A thousand miles from New York we come upon a fleet of fishing-boats, and it is well for them that the day is clear. The fierce Atlantic gale is not so great a source of peril to them as the passing and repassing of the steamers when there is fog upon "the Banks." They lie quite helpless on the smooth, heaving sea ; and at any moment, unforetold except by the strident blast of a whistle, a huge gray shape, triplicated or quadrupled in height by their terror-stricken eyes, may descend upon them.

On the larger vessel every precaution is taken to avoid collision. The watch is doubled, and the captain never leaves the bridge. At intervals of thirty seconds the whistle sends across the sea its poignant warning, and all other sounds are subdued. The funnels and the masts seem to have grown bigger in the gray envelopment; the long ridges of the sea are pale, as though mixed with

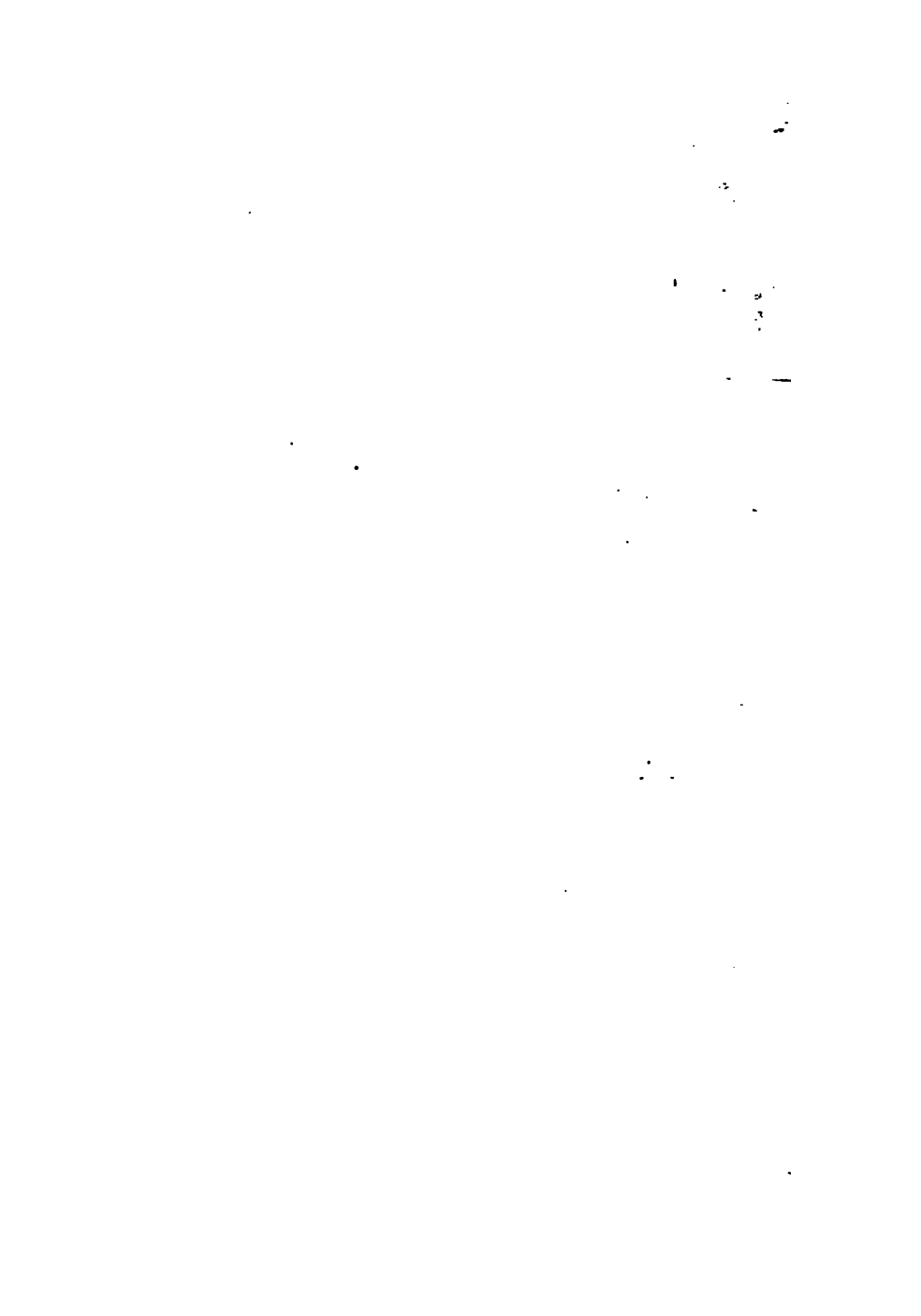
the washings of a chalky shore. When night falls, and we listen to the pulsation of the engines, and gaze out into the mystifying vapor, there comes over us a strange sense of disembodied things; the bustle on deck has ceased momentarily, and in the hush the voices of the captain and the officers upon the bridge are alone audible. The moisture drips from the cordage and the eaves of the deck-houses; a vibrant hum issues from the engines; the whistle splits the air; every lamp has a nebulous blur. We are conscious of existence of movement; but nothing seems tangible or distinct, and the sense of disembodiment grows upon us.

Away from the whitey-green water of "the Banks," and out of the ice-track, we speed up northward where the twilight lingers in the summer until ten o'clock; and early on the fifth or sixth day we are in sight of land, — the gray cliffs and green turf of Ireland. It

does not seem possible that the voyage is over; that twenty-eight hundred miles of ocean have been crossed. Surely it was but yesterday that we stood looking down upon that mosaic of faces of friends on the end of the wharf as the great ship glided into the stream, and that Sandy Hook reached its white arm after us in the scorching sun of the west!

THE END.

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